

BRIEF NEWS NOTES OF HAPPENINGS IN NORTHEAST TOWNS

What Your Neighbors Have Been Doing During the Past Week.

Interesting Events in This Part of San Mateo County Reviewed in Terse Paragraphs.

Eva Redding is visiting her aunt in Berkeley.

G. Frieta has leased his Garden street residence.

Mr. Barnes and family moved last Monday to Florin.

Cecil Carnes has returned from his visit to Santa Cruz.

Mrs. J. W. White has some baby chicks for sale. Price, 10c.

Mrs. A. Collins is recovering from a heavy attack of la grippe.

W. N. Flaherty is completing his Hillcrest Drive bungalow.

Harry Gregory, who was quite sick, is on the road to recovery.

For Sale.—Nice lot in Colma. Enquire of A. J. Spring, Holy Cross Cemetery.

Call at Jim Callan's ranch for a good fat goose—money no object and then some. *17

Sydney, John and Arthur Harris left Sunday on a camping trip to Lake Tahoe.

The Ladies' Aid meets next Tuesday at the church, Merced and Garden streets.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Cline of Vista Grande visited friends in San Leandro last week.

The Kennedy Laundry, which is located on Mission Road, has gone out of business.

L. De Voney and family of Vista Grande have sold out and gone to Summerville.

Hatching Eggs, "Rhode Island Reds" \$1 for 15. Also baby chicks. Hillcrest Poultry Yards.

Mr. A. Rogers and G. J. Ames have closed their grocery store, located on the Mission Road.

First-class union printing right here at home. Quick work and perfect satisfaction guaranteed.

S. Sexton of Vista Grande, who owns four lots on Vista avenue, is making preparations to build.

For Rent.—Furnished 5-room house, the dining room beamed and paneled. Call at 615 Merced Ave. 16*

The Record is prepared to print your election cards with union label and first-class in every particular.

Mrs. W. Balanger, after visiting her mother, Mrs. Thos. Hurd, returned to her home in Sacramento Monday.

The Board of Supervisors Monday raised the salary of Health Officer W. G. Beattie from \$50 to \$75 a month.

The Protestant Sunday School of Colma meets every Sunday at 9:30. Mrs. H. W. Brown is superintendent.

The Booster Committee of Vista Grande Camp No. 35 will hold their annual picnic at Ocean Shore on Labor Day.

Mrs. H. E. Duffey and Mrs. J. Redding are to entertain the junior class at Golden Gate Park Saturday afternoon.

For Sale Cheap—Blue and white striped awning, with ice cream and candy signs. Geo. Nicholas, Hillcrest Drive.

Kennedy's laundry is closed down for this week, for the installation of some new and more improved machinery.

The Record's job printing department has been unusually busy this week. First-class work is what counts.

Mrs. A. B. Clark and Mrs. W. E. Elert will leave this place next week to join their husbands in British Columbia.

Mrs. T. E. Tydings, of Hillcrest, left last week for Olympia, Wash., to wait on her daughter, Mrs. G. F. Schollard, who is very ill.

The last official board meeting of the quarterly conference was held Wednesday evening at Merced and Garden streets.

Mrs. E. Elberts of Mission Tract, entertained the Royal Neighbors last Friday evening, after which a fine lunch was served.

The Civic Betterment League of San Mateo County meets every Tuesday evening at Hillcrest Drive and Mission Road, in Pappa's Hall.

Miss Lilla Harris returned from Jackson, Amador county, where she has been spending her summer vacation with her aunt and uncle.

Supervisor James T. Casey, wife and little son, who are taking a vacation to Paraiso Springs, Monterey county, will return next week.

Mrs. C. Ettlin of Mission Road, who was very sick, is able to be around again. She has purchased the lot next door and will continue in business.

The Crocker Tract Improvement Club has rented Millett's Hall, at 6040 Mission, and will hold their first meeting there Monday evening, July 25.

Miss Florence B. Dawson left Sunday evening for her home in Denver, Colorado, after a week's visit to Mrs. H. F. Howard, 405 Wellington avenue.

The Record's new job printing department is meeting with good success, and the high grade of work that is being turned out is receiving universal praise.

Fred Wood and bride gave a pleasant party Saturday evening to a number of friends here and from the city, at which refreshments were served and fine music rendered.

No need to go to the city for Job Printing. The Record has installed a beautiful outfit, first class in every particular, latest designs in type and every modern facility for producing perfect results.

The Vista Grande Social Club have had bills printed by the Record for an entertainment and dance at Ryan's Hall, July 30. Fine talent has been secured and good Union music. Tickets 25c; children 15c.

Mrs. J. V. Wright, 119 Shakespeare street, Hillcrest, who suffered a Colic fracture of the right hand about six weeks ago and was treated by Dr. Rowland, had the splints removed on Monday. Good result.

El Carmello Parlor, No. 181, Native Daughters of the Golden West, will give their second grand ball at Colma Hall, on Saturday evening, August 27, to which a general invitation is extended. Tickets, 25 cents.

The Vista Grande ball team is getting in fine trim and now offers a challenge to any team in the county. F. A. Smack, Vista Grande, is manager, and replies to this challenge should be addressed to him.

Mrs. M. A. Johnson, 614 Mission Road, has added to her dry goods stock a line of ready-to-wear ladies' shirtwaists and children's dresses. Also Union-made overalls for men and boys. Special prices this week.

Chas. P. Lambert, the monumental worker, is an expert at his profession and makes a specialty of letter-cutting on monuments in cemeteries—gilded if desired. Shop and residence near Mt. Olivet and the Italian cemeteries.

Henry Bauer, Jack Burke, Ed Bauer, Adolph Schenoni, Garissino Lombardi and H. Rogers, the Colma millionaires, after spending a few days in Hopland, picking hops, went to Lake county on a deer hunt, and will be absent two weeks.

R. E. Troyer of San Francisco visited at H. F. Howard's, 405 Wellington avenue, Sunday, and with his camera made some fine pictures of the new house that is now completed and occupied by Mr. Howard and his charming wife.

Great Boom in Building. The biggest in San Mateo County in years. H. H. Smith has increased his lumber yard to satisfy the demands of the people. Patronize home and your neighbor who has interests in your own town.

Mrs. R. S. Thornton and granddaughter, Miss Josephine Lindsay, have returned from a pleasure trip to Los Angeles. Mr. Thornton and daughter, Mrs. Josephine S. Lindsay, will leave Monday for a two weeks' outing in the Yosemite Valley.

As an evidence of the popularity and value as an advertising medium of the Record, we respectfully call attention to the large number of political announcements on the eighth page. There are seven more than in any other paper in San Mateo county.

The Record's job printing department turned out a beautiful job of Membership Cards for the Vista Grande Republican Club this week. The pure white cards are printed in two colors and are so harmoniously arranged as to make a real artistic piece of work.

COLMA LIGHTING DISTRICT

Supervisor Casey Secured An Order For Advertising For Bids.

The Packing House Organ Tried to "Hog" the Rights of the Colma Record and San Bruno Banner, But the Super- visors Refused to Fall For the Game.

Last Monday the Supervisors again ordered the advertising for bids for the Colma and San Bruno Lighting Districts and we are once more in line to secure the lights, thanks to the earnest and very creditable efforts of Supervisor Casey, who took the matter up personally and secured the action that is so much desired by our people and the people of San Bruno.

The only discord that entered into the deliberation of the matter by the Supervisors was injected by the creature who presides over that alleged newspaper, the Packing House Enter-Price, who made a frantic effort to have the Colma Record and San Bruno Banner ignored in the publication of the legal advertisements for these bids, alleging that the Enter-Price was the only legitimate newspaper in the First Township. Ye Gods! that such a thing should even claim to be a newspaper, as compared to either the Banner or Record, notwithstanding its \$10,000 printing plant that is a relic of antiquity of the "type-lice" variety.

Because of delayed suburban cars, the editor of the Record was unable to reach Redwood City on the early train, and this Enter-Price stunt looks very much like an effort to "put one over" on the Record and Banner, and

might have succeeded had not the Supervisors justly reserved action until the afternoon session. District Attorney Bullock was asked regarding the matter, and he decided that the Record and Banner were both, legally, publications of San Mateo County. The Record editor was invited by the Board to make a statement, and he informed the Supervisors of his affidavit to the United States Government, in securing the admission of the Record to the mails as second-class matter, and that the Record was legally recognized by the Government as a San Mateo county publication, and admitted to the mails as such. It is also a potent fact that the last issue of the Record contained a legal Order of Publication that was specially ordered printed in the Record by that distinguished jurist, Hon. Judge Buck. Of course the Enter-Price was rebuked in its hogish efforts, and the Record and Banner were both authorized to publish the notices.

The real trouble with the monopolistic Enter-Price is that it has lost about all its business since the Record and Banner entered the field and showed the people of the First Township what a real nice down-to-date country newspaper is, as compared to a fossilized old rag like the Enter-Price.

VOTER, DON'T FAIL TO REGISTER!

Your Duty Demands That You Vote at the Primary Election, Aug. 16, and to do so You Must Register on or before WEDNESDAY, JULY 27.

During the past week the Record printed—Free of Cost—a supply of quarter cards for the various Registration offices in the First Township, urging voters to register on or before July 27, in order that they might vote at the Primaries on August 16. The Record did this, not in the interest of candidates, but because of the importance that a large registration means to this community, in the way of showing the balance of the county our numerical strength, that will certainly have much to do both at present and in the future in assisting us to "get things." Now let every citizen do his utmost along these lines in urging every man who is not registered to do so at once.

Dr. P. D. Rowland, Physician and Surgeon of the German Hospital, has office hours in the Knowles building, Hillcrest, from 7:00 to 8:30 p. m. Hospital hours, 9:00 to 12 a. m.; phone Park 349. Residence, 117 Peoria street, near Green avenue, Crocker Tract, phone Mission 7270.

The Vista Grande Market (Casey's) opposite Bracken's Hall, is increasing in its business rapidly. Good pure meat is what the people want and they are glad of the opportunity to get meat that is Government inspected and therefore with no chance of getting diseased meats.

Little Fritz Britz, the 5-year-old boy of John Britz, 312 Vista avenue, who fell from a fence about three weeks ago and sustained a complicated fracture in the elbow joint, was successfully operated on Saturday at the German Hospital by Dr. Rowland, and will likely have a good arm.

The large number of candidates who have placed their announcements in the Record, are certainly alive to their interests in inviting the many voters of this thickly populated district to consider their claims. The Jefferson School District, with a population of at least 5000, is indeed a strong political factor.

The entertainment and dance given at Knowles Hall Sunday evening by the Jewish people, for the purpose of raising funds toward the erection of a synagogue in Vista Grande, was a grand success financially, \$200 being cleared, and the affair was a very pleasant one. The new synagogue is to be built on Los Angeles avenue, near Mission Road. Work will begin at once and the building will be completed in three months.

SHIPMENT OF PEARS FROM SACRAMENTO BREAKS RECORD

Nine Hundred Tons Packed in Cars and Sent East in One Day.

Sacramento.—A record shipment of Bartlett pears was made from this city the other day, when seventy-five carloads were forwarded to the Eastern markets. One hundred and fifty men worked until after midnight before sealing the doors on the last car. Thirty thousand crates of pears were received from the river island district on the steamers and transferred to the refrigerator cars. The cars were loaded with 480 boxes of fruit, making 24,000 pounds to each car, or 1,800,000 pounds or 900 tons in the total shipment. Never before has the shipment of pears in one day approached this record by thirty cars. For this season more than 2,300 tons of fruit have been shipped, as against 1,745 for the same period in 1909. It required 11,000 pounds of ice to refrigerate each car at Roseville and the supply was increased at Truckee. In addition to the steamer loads of pears from the river districts, scores of farmers' wagons were constantly unloading throughout the day and night at the shipping sheds.

Would Be Nevada's Governor.

Reno.—With the announcement of his candidacy before the democratic primaries to succeed himself as governor, Denver S. Dickerson started the Nevada political ball rolling. Governor Dickerson states that he will make an aggressive, energetic campaign and in the event of election will give the people of Nevada a clean, honest, economical business administration. At present his title is lieutenant and acting governor, he having succeeded the late Governor Sparks upon the latter's death.

State's First Fire Engine.

Marysville.—The first fire engine ever used on the Pacific coast will be placed on exhibition in Sutter fort at Sacramento. The engine is owned by the Marysville parlor of Native Sons and will be sent to Sacramento for exhibition and for safe keeping. The engine was brought around the horn in 1850 for use in Marysville.

Bonds to Improve Town.

San Anselmo.—The local bond election for \$32,000 has carried, which, in addition to \$43,000 voted last September, affords an ample sum for the improvement of streets, a new sanitary system, town hall, firehouse, concrete bridges, fire alarm system and pumps for sprinkling purposes.

Tornado in South Dakota.

Pierre, S. D.—A tornado formed east of here the other day and was watched by hundreds. It tore the farmhouse of Frank B. Linsey to pieces, but the family took refuge in a cave and were uninjured. The tornado followed the river for more than a mile and carried up clouds of spray.

Minorca Lays a Two-Pound Egg.

Yuba City.—A Minorca hen on the farm of P. Summy, near Meridian, laid an egg a few days ago which weighed within two ounces of two pounds. The egg is on exhibition at the Marysville chamber of commerce. It appears to be two eggs in one and is unusually large.

By giving your job printing to the Record, you thereby assist your home paper and enable it to more effectively assist you and your interests in this locality. If you get your printing elsewhere, you get nothing in return compared to the assistance that the Record can and will give you if you will just "tote fair."

Miss Ethel Harris, the office assistant with the Record, is in full charge during the editor's absence. Soliciting subscriptions, advertising and job printing, and gathering local news items, are included in the lady's duties and she is commended to the respectful consideration of all, as the Record's duly authorized representative.

The Packing-house stink-pens ought to be enough to keep the Panama-Pacific Exposition from South City, but if not the contemptible tactics of the Enter-Price, of the stink-finger nature that will hogishly attempt to "put one over" on an absent competitor in business, for a measly little advertisement of only about \$18, will surely queer the game.

TWO SCALDED TO DEATH WHEN ENGINE JUMPED

Engineer, Fireman and Dis- patcher of Fast Express Caught Under Boiler.

Running at Great Speed to Make Up Lost Time.—Ditched Near Marys- ville by Spread Rails.

Marysville.—Running on a fast schedule to make up the time lost on account of the wreck in the Sacramento canyon, passenger train No. 15, the Oregon express, was wrecked at the north end of the Feather river bridge between this city and Berg at 1:30 o'clock Monday afternoon. Engineer Charles A. Congdon and Train Dispatcher D. C. Corcoran were pinned beneath the wrecked locomotive and scalded to death. Fireman A. D. Olson, who was also caught when the engine jumped the track, landed in a swamp 14 feet below, and was scalded and injured.

Spreading rails was the cause of the wreck. Dragging the tender and mail car after it, the engine left the track, turning completely over. The steam pipes connected with the boiler snapped. Engineer Congdon, Dispatcher Corcoran and Fireman Olson were pinned beneath the cab, the full force of the steam playing upon them until the boiler was empty. It cooked their bodies, causing the death of two of them before the members of the train crew could extricate them. The passengers in the dining cars and six sleepers were considerably shaken up, but no one was injured beyond slight bruises caused from being thrown from their seats.

The bodies of the dead men were removed after almost an hour's work. It was a quarter of an hour later before Olson was liberated from the wreckage. He suffered agony and pleaded to be killed to save him from pain. His entire body was scalded and he suffered from other injuries. Congdon and Corcoran have families in Sacramento. Congdon's wife and children are at Pacific Grove on a vacation.

Fresh Air Sleeping Devices Wanted.

Sacramento.—With a view to supplying the people of the State with useful information on fresh air sleeping devices, the official photographer of the State Board of Health is collecting pictures of such contrivances that may be of use to those who are fighting the "white plague." Members of the State Board ask that persons who have devised means of providing fresh air sleeping devices, send pictures of them to the Board at Sacramento to that others may profit by their work.

Payment Made After 40 Years.

San Francisco.—The creditors of Domingo Ghirardelli, the founder of the chocolate manufacturing company, who failed in 1870, were paid 24 cents on the dollar last week. The money, with which the creditors were paid after waiting 40 years, came from the recent sale of the old San Pablo rancho, in Contra Costa county for \$124,631.

Condemned Naval Yacht Sold.

Washington.—The naval yacht Hornet, a steel vessel of 425 tons, built for Henry M. Flagler and purchased by the Government for \$117,500 at the outset of the Spanish war, has been sold to Nathan S. Stern of New Orleans for \$5100. Stern was the highest of five bidders. The Hornet was recently condemned for naval purposes.

U. S. Consul Sends for Tent.

Washington.—With the entire town of Campbellton, N. B., swept away by fire, United States Consul Botkins telegraphed to the State Department requesting that a wall tent be sent him for use as a temporary office. He said not a store was left in the town and only a few dwellings.

Woman and Child Killed.

Jackson.—Mrs. William Gardner, 32 years old, and the wife of a miner, was instantly killed and her eight-year-old son fatally hurt when the horse Mrs. Gardner was driving ran away down a steep grade and threw both occupants out of their buggy.

COLMA RECORD

Issued Every Friday

J. L. BROWN, Editor and Proprietor

It hurts a grafter's conscience to be found out.

All the world loves a lover—up to about 10:30 or 11 p. m.

The price of shingles is going up, thus adding to the cost of raising a family of boys.

According to the general consensus of opinion, King George has undertaken a man's job.

No doubt there are persons who can write poetry, but don't do it. And others who can't are willing to risk their necks trying.

To judge from the way aviators have been falling from the sky lately there is at least one product of the day which is coming down.

The Czarevitch at the age of 6 ran away from home the other day, with an idea of going to sea. Some kids don't know when they are well off.

There should be no controversy at present over King Edward's last words. Later they can be fixed up to the satisfaction of all concerned.

A 6-year-old girl in Brooklyn has two heads. It must be something of a strain on her lungs when she gets into an animated conversation with herself.

It has been figured that a cow can be kept in Boston at a profit of \$2.80 a year. While the profit is not large, the pleasant associations ought to be worth something.

Notwithstanding the fact that young lady ticket sellers have been installed in the box office of one of the Chicago theaters, the demand for passes will be as brisk as ever.

New York City continues to go up in the air. The plan for a new thirty-eight-story building means a notable addition to the finest collection of skyscrapers in the world.

In China all the boys born during the year have their birthday celebrated on the same day, no matter what date their real birthday is. Idea is worthy of local attention, now economy is all the rage.

In buying an automobile it is better to select one of a kind that can be obtained without mortgaging anything as a preliminary, being careful, at the same time, to see that you have enough money in bank to pay for a year's repairing.

"Fret not thy gizzard!" is the motto that Dr. D. K. Pearson, Chicago's millionaire philanthropist, gives to the world, at the age of ninety. It's a comparatively easy motto to live up to, when you are a retired multimillionaire, but it's harder when you don't know where the money is coming from to pay the rent.

The dragon-fly, which used to be known as "the devil's darning-needle," and was credited in country lore with the habit of sewing together the lips of small boys, is known to be the greatest enemy of the malarial mosquito. Instead, therefore, of deserving death at the hands of those who haunt the banks and shores of summer brooks and ponds, it deserves protection.

Considerable uneasiness has been manifested by medical men over the spread of the bubonic plague eastward from San Francisco, where it started in this country. As is now well known, the commonest means by which the disease is carried is the fleas which infest rats. A vigorous warfare has been waged upon the rats by the health authorities, but it was not begun early enough. From the rats the disease has passed to the ground-squirrels common in California, and has thus gone from city to country. The cost of stamping it out will now be great, and will demand the most energetic and unremitting efforts.

There is a singular fascination about the "bargain." The habit of hunting it not infrequently becomes an obsession, an actual disease. Women are no doubt the greatest sufferers, but neither sex and no age whatever is immune. To get "something for nothing," or at least, for as near nothing as possible, is the ambition of millions of otherwise sane and honest Americans. Let any department store phrase its advertisements with sufficient skill—dangle the right sort of bait under its customers' noses—and the police have to be called in to keep order. There is plenty of trade to be had by the man who will sell things cheaply—if only he does not admit that the goods are cheap. No one need be surprised that bargain purchases rarely give satisfaction. One who buys for no other reason than a low price cannot complain if he is cheated. The old maxim of Roman law, "Caveat emptor"—Let the buyer beware—still holds good. Use common sense and do not believe in impossibilities. It occasionally happens that circumstances make it possible for trustworthy goods to be sold somewhat below the usual price. If one has taken the pains to learn how to tell genuine worsted or silk or linen from the inferior article, he can sometimes find that elusive thing, a real bargain. Otherwise he had better not try. All-wool clothes are certainly not

sold for less than the cost of an equal weight of scoured wool. All-silk dresses cannot be bought for less than mercerized cotton is worth. "All linen" which costs less than half the standard price is sure to be a fraud. If every one would remember these self-evident truths on bargain day, there would not be so much complaint about the adulteration of fabrics.

Science is merely "organized common sense," in Huxley's words, and, therefore, what this experience of life teaches the average man is pretty apt to be formulated as a scientific "law" by some savant. It has been a truism for ages that to marry is to "settle down," to become steady and "respectable." Now Dr. Bertillon, on the basis of very elaborate French statistics and studies, has promulgated certain "theories" concerning the relation between marriage, family life and criminality. There is nothing strange or new in these theories, but they are interesting simply because they are now demonstrable by facts and figures. Crime, Dr. Bertillon shows, is not as "rite" among married men as among bachelors; the bringing up of a family imposes "beneficial burdens" and creates a desire for respectability and an honored name. Widowers revert to the criminality records of wild bachelors—including "Apaches." Childless widowers are the worst offenders of all; they stand highest on the criminality lists. This shows the value of woman's control or companionship. The presence of children is wholesome and deterrent, but the best moral condition of all is complete family life, with a wife and mother to guide the household and inspire—or curb—"the old man." Women, whether married or single, are much less addicted to crime than men, and, when they are, "men are usually the cause." There is thus need of a new formula: "Search for the man." After the age of 40 criminality rapidly decreases; old ruffians are rare; conservatism, timidity and prudence accompany age and experience. But, alas! universal education is no preventive of crime in youth or early life. To open schools is not to close prisons, for education only sharpens intellects bent on mischief. All of which scientific generalizations, we repeat, have long been household possessions of "common sense." It is only doctrinaire scientists, half-baked theorists, that have questioned them.

HE HIT THE BALL.

Genuine Rube and What Lajole Saw Him Do.

"Down at Woonsocket one day, before my name had been in the papers more than half a dozen times," says Lajole, "a big, broad-shouldered, athletic-looking man came out to the ball park and asked to be allowed to play."

"He was so big and powerful we decided to give him a chance. He knew nothing at all about the game, but he did quite well in practice. He got in front of everything batted in his direction, and once his hands clasped the ball it was a case of Maggie, look the door."

"When he came to bat the opposing pitcher shot the ball straight across the plate."

"One strike!" yelled the umpire.

"Why is it one strike?" asked the man.

"Because I said so. Look out! There comes another."

"The big man let it go by."

"Here, explain this thing to me," the fellow said. "Why do you say two strikes when I haven't struck at the ball at all?"

"Before the umpire could reply up came another—a straight one—waist-high. Mr. Amateur let go with all his might, and away went the ball—faster and faster, higher and higher, as it sailed away. Just as the ball was passing over the fence I looked toward the plate, and there that numbskull was standing stock still, a look of abject alarm on his face."

"Run!" I shouted, with all my might, for we needed the tally. "Run! Don't you see the ball has gone over the fence?"

"Run?" he howled back. "Not on your life. I've done nothing to run for. I didn't mean to lose the ball, but I've got the money to pay for it. How much is the damage?"—Washington Star.

Not for Her Market.

Bridget had not been mad of all work in the family of a well-known literary woman for six months—ever since her landing—without assimilating more or less household news.

At first she had asked her mistress, to save her wages for her, but at the end of six months she expressed a desire for some money.

"I'll give you this, as I'm a little short of money to-day," said the lady, and she tendered Bridget a check for the full amount due her.

Before she had an opportunity to explain about the bank, the young Irish girl had backed away from her, hands behind her, shaking her head with violence.

"No, mimm," she said, firmly, "no, mimm, if you please. I'm no ortygart collector; 'twould be no good to me, mimm. I'd rather the money, if you please."

Ethyl's Complaint.

Claire—Ethyl is awfully angry with Jack. He threw a kiss at her. Lotta—Why did that make her angry? Claire—Oh, she says there are some things that ought to be delivered in person.

—Lippincott's.

After a woman passes 20, when she marries there is always some one to say, "Well, she got a man At Last."

It is the aim of the man behind the gun to make his mark.

YESTERDAYS.



THE NEW BAND MEMBER.

The family listens to paw a-practicin'.

—Minneapolis Tribune.

QUIT KICKING!

Telephone Girls Perform Nerve-racking Work for Thankless Public.

One member of the family was quarreling over the wire with the telephone operator at the other end. When the brief dispute was ended another member of the family said: "You ought not to do that. You ought never to say an impatient word to a telephone operator. You can't do enough to make the work easy for them. Were you ever in a telephone exchange?"

"No," replied the guilty one, looking repentant.

"Well, go to the first one you have an opportunity to visit. The manager will have some one show you through, and you will never lost patience again with one of those girls. You will be humiliated and amazed and instructed to see what wonderful work they do—what impersonal, patient and really self-sacrificing work they perform, hour after hour—nerve racking, straining work, for a thankless public. You will respect and esteem every one of them and you will feel that nothing is too good for them, instead of being critical of a slight mistake that may at times creep in. The wonder is that they do anything right, considering the difficulties with which they have to contend. Instead of giving us the really marvelous service they do. If you want a lesson in patience, forbearance, fortitude, endurance and all the other virtues, don't fail to visit a telephone exchange."

STAIN WOOD AS IT GROWS.

The idea of staining wood as it grows seems revolutionary, but a Louisiana man has invented a process by which this can be done. By this method it is claimed any light wood can be made practically any darker color or dark wood made still darker, though



TREES COLOR THEMSELVES.

it will be difficult to lighten the natural shades. It also obviates the necessity of dyeing mahogany or other woods of this nature. A bucket of coloring fluid is hung just below the branches of a young tree, or any tree that is in good, healthy condition. A hose runs from this bucket to a point near the base of the tree and here the bark and some of the fibers are cut out and the coloring matter applied to the pores thus exposed. As the sap flows through the tree the stain is circulated with it and the wood changes its color to any shade desired. The possibilities of such a process are almost unlimited, and some unusual colorings can be obtained in this manner. The expense of dyeing the wood later is also saved.—Chicago Tribune.

UNHAPPY NAME.

The Four British Georges Not the Most Beloved of Monarchs.

The death of King Edward VII and the accession to the throne of the Prince of Wales under the title of King George V has set a wagging the heads of those who recall British history, for the name of George has not been a happy one for the people of England.

George I.—Reigned for 13 years. He was the first monarch of the House of Hanover. He was 54 years old when he ascended the English throne, and he never could learn to speak more than enough English to say that he preferred Hanover to his new country.

George II.—Son of George I. reigned for 33 years. He owed more to the sense of his wife, Caroline Wilhelmina, than to his own, quarreled with Walpole, and found a ready tool in Carteret in his efforts to make himself absolute, as had been Henry VIII. He

was the last English King to appear on the field of battle. England was in the turmoil of war a great part of his reign, but the wisdom of Pitt and the skill of her soldiers saved her colonial supremacy, and the heroism of Clive saved her in India.

George III.—Grandson of George II, reigned 60 years. His unpopularity was so great that his statue in London had to go without a name lest the people should smash it. To him, however, were due the birth of the United States of America, and the final establishment of Parliamentary government in England—the two things he tried most to prevent. In the end his insanity became unmistakable, for wherever he went attendants had to follow him to rub off the walls the indecencies he chalked there. Four times he was partially cured, and then became permanently mad.

George IV.—Son of George III, was regent during his father's periods of recognized madness, and reigned in his own name for 10 years. He, too, was unpopular. After marrying Mrs. Fitzherbert in secret, he married Caroline of Brunswick and then tried to divorce her. His brutal treatment of his wife aroused the hostility of the English people to the highest pitch. Parliament as a rebuke to him voted Caroline a large annuity. He opposed many measures of reform, and had the country on the verge of civil war when death removed him.

Perhaps the reign of George V will serve to offset some of the discredit associated with the name, so that heads now wagging in doubt will be glad to nod in approval.

The Duke and the Landlady.

A pleasant story is told of the Duke of the Abruzzi. There was a landlady at Salsomaggiore who had always enjoyed the duke's patronage whenever he went there. The duke, of course, knew nothing about this matter, which was attended to by his chauffeur. For some reason the servant had taken a notion to change landladies, hence great humiliation on the part of the good little woman who, naturally, prized her great patron. A writer in McClure's Magazine tells the rest of the incident.

What was she to do? She wanted to get an explanation of the matter, at any rate; so one day she placed herself on the road where the duke was to pass. When he came up, she said to him, "Your highness is no longer satisfied with your former landlady?"

"Who said so?"

"Why, your highness no longer sends me his linen, and I am very unhappy about it."

"My poor child," exclaimed the prince, "I knew nothing about it! Come with me, and we will settle the matter out of hand."

No sooner said than done. The duke ordered his chauffeur to send his linen to his usual landlady in the future, and when she narrated the incident, she added, enthusiastically,

"And he isn't a bit proud, is our duke, for he is the first man who ever lifted his hat to me."

Where They Ought to Be.

"I wonder," said the wild looking man with the multiplied whiskers. "You wonder what?" asked the meek looking boob with the concentrated eyebrows.

"If the man who figured out the length of a week was referred to as a weekling."

"Sure," said the boob. "They also called the man who discovered ink an inkling."

Whereupon the driver from the asylum backed his wagon up and the pair were dumped in.—St. Louis Star.

A Victim of Draconian Law.

Father (who has caught Patrick stealing)—I thought you knew better than to commit a theft. You know how the law punishes people for small offenses. Patrick—How about your father, when you stole mother's heart? You never got punished for that. Father—I got a very severe punishment, my son. I got penal servitude for life, and I'm doing it now.—London Tit-Bits.

Fixing the Responsibility.

"I never heard Mrs. Green make so poor a speech."

"Yes; wasn't it awful? I'm certain her husband couldn't have written it."—Detroit Free Press.

We are willing for people to save money, if they will quit talking about it.

Money may make the mare go, but it will not banish the nightmare.

BEAR HUNT IN JAPAN.

Battle with Bruin Resulted in the Death of a Hunter.

It happened on the 18th ult., shortly before sunset, that some surveyors accompanied by laborers were still surveying a field at Uyenai in Esashi-gun, Hokkaido. While engaged in this work, says the Hokkaido correspondent of the Japan Advertiser, a bear made its appearance from a cave near by, and, ambling threateningly toward the party, sprang upon one of the workmen who was in the act of running away. The man escaped with lacerated arm and the bear was left victor, the field being cleared of its human occupants in a remarkably brief space of time. The incident came to the knowledge of some local Nimrods and some days later Bruin was tracked to his lair. One of the gallant hunters fired, but there was something wrong with his gun. Unfortunately it went off in a rather irregular way, the gun being rusty and the powder damp. All these things, however, only served to enrage Bruin, which attacked his enemies. The other hunters took the opportunity when the bear's attention was centered upon his companion and fired his gun, but this weapon, too, was useless. The bear apparently now had both men at his mercy and in a short time they were lying seemingly lifeless and mangled on the ground. A passing mail car carried the vanquished hunters to the nearest village where one of the men seems to be on the way to recovery under treatment, but the other died of his wounds.



Disorders of the Stomach.

The stomach, like all the other organs of the body, is subject not only to various forms of organic trouble, but also to many kinds of functional disorder, or neurosis.

In these nervous disturbances of the stomach pain may be just as severe and the list of symptoms just as long and as trying as in true organic disease, and it is often impossible to convince the victim that he is not suffering from some terrible local disorder calling for immediate operation.

The stomach is usually a somewhat abused organ. It works hard, generally overtime, and often at tasks extremely distasteful to it. Small wonder, then, that it sometimes goes on strike.

When it decides to do this, the weapons it controls with which to boycott and intimidate the rest of the system are most efficient. In times of normal health we are no more conscious of the tremendous commotion and toll going on in the stomach than the passengers on a sunny deck are conscious of the trials of the engine room below them; but when the stomach has stood all it is going to for the present, it telephones the brain to that effect, with the immediate result that the whole consciousness is flooded with the misery resulting from its rebellion.

The visible signs of this rebellion are myriad. Among the most usual of them may be mentioned nausea and vomiting, eructations that are sometimes so acid that the very throat is scalded, disagreeable sensations after eating, that range from discomfort to agony; and naturally in time a general "run-down condition" of the system.

When it can be proved that this state of affairs is traceable to abuse of the stomach, the treatment becomes a comparatively simple matter; but in many cases of so-called "nervous dyspepsia" the trouble will be found to be a fault of the nervous system, the stomach itself showing no sign of disease, but simply suffering from faulty nervous control, just as any other organ of the body may. This diagnosis, however, will be of little comfort to the patient so long as his stomach is made the vicarious culprit for the guilty nervous system.

When the trouble arises from causes that can be easily controlled, such as improper food, hasty eating, irregular meals, insufficient mastication, the cure lies largely in the hands of the patient himself.

The small boy who heard his father pronounce a eulogy on a statesman said: "Father says Mr. Blank has intelligence, tact and honesty, and also abdominal courage." This is a form of valor far too prevalent, and this is the kind that should be tempered with discretion.—Youth's Companion.

An African Task Story.

A certain man had a most beautiful daughter who was beset by many suitors. But as soon as they were told that the sole condition on which they could obtain her was to bale out a brook with a groundnut shell (about half the size of a walnut shell) they always walked away in disappointment. However, at last one took heart of grace and began the task. He obtained the beauty, for the father said, "He who undertakes what he says will do it."—Burton's "Negro Wit and Wisdom."

A Bitter Tongue.

He—This article says, my dear, that men's heads grow until they are 65. I wonder what effect that has? She—Merely increases the vacuum, I suppose.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Boasting of what you have done doesn't knock down the porcupine.



Mistress—So you want to leave, Mary? With what motive are you leaving? Cook—It ain't a motive, mum; it's a policeman. — Boston Courier.

"It seems to me that I have seen you before." "You have, my lord. I used to give your daughter singing lessons." "Twenty years!"—Cassell's Magazine.

Little Boy—I want a dose of castor oil. Druggist—Do you want the kind you can't taste? Little Boy (anxious to get even)—No, sir; it's for mother. —San Jose Citizen.

Usher—Ladies, the audience wishes you to keep still during this performance. Ladies—Heavens! Is it possible that the audience hasn't heard this old opera before?—Cleveland Leader.

Marie (embroidering)—I need a new stiletto. Elsie—What is a stiletto? May Bingham—Oh, don't you know? It's a book that tells you all about the grand opera!—Sharps and Flats.

"Well, how's things?" "Fine," replied the author. "The critics pronounced my last novel so worthless that I have six publishers bidding for my next book." — Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Can you tell me how to live 100 years?" The philosopher stroked his beard thoughtfully. "I will try," he said, "if you can give any good reason for wanting to live 100 years."—Stray Stories.

Stranger (mysteriously)—I'd like to get into a gambling game of some sort. Where can I go? Tired Looking Man (whispering)—Over to the office of that justice of the peace. He'll marry you.—St. Louis Star.

Higgins—How were the aeroplane races yesterday? Wiggins—Good, only for the fact that the track was too heavy for making records. Higgins—What do you mean? Wiggins—They were pulled off over Pittsburgh, you know.—Puck.

"Ah, Mr. Jimsoll," exclaimed the kittenish lady with the plenitude of powder on her face, "you must remember I am a daughter of Eve." "Well, honestly," replied the blundering man, "you don't look half that old."—Chicago Post.

Mr. Slinpurs (after a decided refusal)—I know what the matter is. It's because I am poor. You would marry me if I were rich. Miss Gallie (thoughtfully)—Perhaps so, but you would have to be very, very rich.—New Orleans Picayune.

Suburbanite—I went out to look at that piece of property you advertised as being a stone's throw from the depot. Real Estate Agent—Well? Suburbanite—All I've got to say is that I'd like to meet the man who threw the stone.—St. Louis Star.

Rural Theater Manager—That fellow Shakespeare must be makin' all kinds of money. Traveling Manager—Why so? Rural Theater Manager—Because every repertory troupe that plays this town puts on one or two pieces by him.—Milwaukee News.

"By the way," continued the near-sport, "who is the lightweight champion of America?" "It is still a matter of doubt," answered the wise guy. "Some claim the title for the coal dealer, while others say the ice man is entitled to it."—Chicago Daily News.

"Pardon me, madam, but the way that man across the aisle is staring at you must be very offensive. Do you wish me to interfere?" "Oh, no, thank you. That's my husband." "Your husband?" "Yes. He's very near-sighted and thinks I'm somebody else."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Do you enjoy hunting?" "No." "Perhaps you have never had favorable opportunities for enjoying the sport. What have you hunted mostly?" "Before I was married I generally hunted for a boarding place. Since then most of my hunting has been for flats."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Life ain't nothin' but disappointment," groaned the Chronic Grouch. "Cheer up!" urged the Cheerful Mutt. "Didn't you get \$50 fer puttin' yer picture in the paper as havin' ben cured o' all yer ills by Bunk's Pills?" "Yes, I did. An' now all my reliefs are askin' me why I don't go to work, now th't I'm cured!" — Cleveland Leader.

Good Man—Ah, my poor fellow, I feel sorry for you. Why don't you work? When I was young, for ten years I was never in bed after 5. An hour's work before breakfast, then five hours' work, then dinner, then four hours' more work, then supper, then bed, then up again at 5 next morning.—Loser—I say, boss, where did ye serve your time—Sing Sing or Joliet?—Columbian Magazine.

Too Lavish.

Mrs. Dobbs was trying to find out the likes and dislikes of her new boarder, and all she learned increased her satisfaction.

"Do you want pie for breakfast?" she asked.

"No, I thank you," said the new boarder, with a smile. "Pie for breakfast seems a little too much."

"That's just the way I look at it," said Mrs. Dobbs, heartily. "I say pie for dinner is a necessity, and pie for supper gives a kind o' finishing touch to the day, but pie for breakfast is what I call putting on airs."—Youth's Companion.

A girl always cries when she loses her job.



Grandpa's Barn.

Oh, a jolly old place is grandpa's barn,
Where the doors stand open through-
out the day,
And the cooling doves fly in and out,
And the air is sweet with the fra-
grant hay;

Where the grain lies over the slippery
floor,
And the hens are busily looking
around,
And the sunbeams flicker, now here,
now there,
And the breeze blows through with a
merry sound.

The swallows twitter and chirp all day,
With fluttering wings, in the old
brown eaves,
And the robins sing in the trees, which
lean
To brush the roof with the rustling
leaves.

O for the glad vacation time,
When grandpa's barn will echo the
shout
Of merry children who romp and play
In the new-born freedom of "school
let out."

Such scaring of doves from their cozy
nests,
Such hunting for eggs in the lofts so
high,
Till the frightened hens, with a cackle
shrill,
From their hidden treasures are fain
to fly.

Oh, the dear old barn, so cool, so wide!
Its door will open again ere long
To the morn'g sunshine, the new-
mown hay,
And the merry ring of vacation song.

For grandpa's barn is the jolliest place
For frolic and fun on a summer's
day;
And e'en old Time, as the years slip
by,
Its memory never can steal away.
—Mary D. Brine.

A Queer Wager.

A little boy said to his sister the
other day: "I bet I can coax you to
set fire to your dress."
"Well, I just guess you can't!" she
cried, scornfully.

"What do you bet?"
"You are silly, of course you can-
not; why should I bet anything?"
"Well, I'm willing to wager my new
jack-knife."

"All right," laughed she. "I'll
wager my Paris doll that you cannot."
Then the boy began:
"Please set fire to your dress!
Please, please do!"

"Are you tired?" asked his sister,
at length.

"Well, I've won my bet, all right;
I said I would coax you to do it, and
I have," said the boy.

And now that brother and sister are
trying to decide the bet. And he is
wondering if he wants the doll, and
she is wondering if she wants the
jack-knife, anyhow.

The Bone of Contention.



Shopping.

The Chaplins, led by Aunt Ruth, had
just started a new game, when Dr.
Hillhouse dropped in.

"May I play?" he questioned.

"Oh, yes, do!" cried Bertha. "Take
this rocking chair, doctor, and I'll tell
you how it goes. You say to me, 'I've
been shopping,' and I ask, 'What have
you bought?' Then instead of telling
right out, you make each letter of the
word the initial of another word. For
instance, mother just said she'd bought
a basket of odd knives," when it was
a book."

"Yes, I see," nodded the doctor.

"It's Carl's turn now," spoke up
Alice.

"I've been shopping," responded
Carl.

"What did you buy?" queried Ber-
tha.

"Big red elephant and diamonds,"
was the prompt answer.

"Oh, bread!" said Bertha. "But who
ever heard of a red elephant?"

Dr. Hillhouse guessed Bertha's
"Dozen of lovely lilies," and then
gave, as his own purchase:

"Horn of rare, sweet, elecampane."
Alice guessed horse, at the same
time saying she thought it a queer
thing to buy.

"It's a kind of sweetmeat," the doc-
tor explained, laughing.

Alice bought a "Darling, real Eng-
lish, sportive spaniel," and Aunt Ruth,
"Some wafers, eggs, and tender, early
rhubarb."

It took Norton a minute or so to
make these things into a sweater. Then
he gave, "Capital old whale," which
mother easily guessed.

"Didn't know they had whale shops,"
said Alice.

"Picture of Nathaniel Yates," said
Carl.

"Pony!" exclaimed Bertha. "But
who is Nathaniel Yates?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said her
brother.

"This is the easiest game I ever
played," said Alice. But when Dr.
Hillhouse answered the usual ques-
tion with the whirl of words, "Side-

board, table, oak chairs, kaleidoscopic
instruments, neckerchiefs, gaiters,
scarfs," she stared at him in dismay.

"Why, you said them so fast," she
faltered, "I couldn't get hold of any-
thing."

"Isn't speed allowable?" The doc-
tor glanced smilingly toward Aunt
Ruth.

"Oh, that's fine!" cried Carl. "Say-
ing the words slow makes it too easy.
He said sideboard first, Alice, and then
came table. And gaiters and scarfs
were the last. St-g-s."

"Stockings!" cried Carl and Alice, in
unison.—Youth's Companion.

One Good Turn.

My papa is a doctor, and
is treating Nellie Gray,
The daughter of the candy-man
Who lives across the way.

I think I shall call upon
The candy-man and see
If he, perhaps, would like to take
His turn at treating me.
—Chicago News.

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

While looking for pirates along the
Chinese coast, Admiral John Moresby
encountered some strange adventures
and some that were ludicrous. One of
his experiences he describes in "Two
Admirals."

When visiting the mandarin of Tien
Pash, he with his blue button, robes
and attendants, I with our paymaster,
gunner, and a guard of ten marines
and a sergeant, tea was offered to us,
and accepted as a matter of course.
Then, in an access of politeness, the
attendant proceeded with the tea to the
guard, stiffly drawn up in the court-
yard, the men with rifles shouldered.

The sergeant looked round distract-
edly for guidance; he had no precedent
for a tea party on duty. The men
stared with cool contempt at the spoon-
ful of acid tea.

Fearing lest a refusal might be an
affront, I hastily said, "Sergeant, let
the men take it."

He looked at me for an instant with
a long, horrified look of remembrance;
then, stepping to the front as if drill-
ing, he gave the word:

"Order arms! Ground arms! Take
the cups! Drink the tea!"

Like Wordsworth's "forty feeding
like one," they grasped the cups and
with a single gesture, emptied them
down their throats.

Next came the stately commands:
"Return the cups! Take up arms!
Shoulder arms!"

It was done. The sergeant was him-
self again; he felt he had been equal
to the occasion, and I stifled my un-
seasonable laughter in a cough and a
handkerchief.

THE LEGISLATIVE JOKER.

Easy Way in Which the Intent of a
Law May Be Changed.

"A Joker in its simplest form con-
sists in a word of a clause which, in-
troduced into proposed legislation,
flashes away from the public's power
to establish such laws as it desires,
either by emasculating an enactment
or by perverting the essence and pur-
pose of it." So writes Samuel Hop-
kins Adams in American Magazine, and
he cites these instances of how the
joker game is worked:

"Sometimes it is in one word, as
where the sale of a piece of public
property to the lowest bidder was once
authorized. Sometimes it may inhere
in that elusive character, the comma,
as in the case of the tariff clause of an
old schedule providing for the free en-
try of fruit plants, where somebody
carelessly allowed a comma to creep
in between 'fruit' and 'plants,' thereby
admitting millions of oranges and lem-
ons into the country duty free and
costing the treasury hundreds of thou-
sands of dollars in loss of imports.
Nobody ever found out whether this
was a printer's slip or a carefully de-
vised scheme. Certain it is that the
framers of the schedule never intended
it."

"Again, the entire body of the pro-
viso may constitute the joker by pur-
porting to carry one meaning when it
in reality carries quite another. Con-
gress still preserves the tradition of
the Irish representative from Massa-
chusetts who proposed that March 17
be made a legal holiday in celebration
of the 'Boston tea party.' Several
New Englanders whose zeal exceeded
their erudition warmly supported the
measure until some one pointed out
that March 17 was much more closely
associated with the supposed birth
of the proposer's patron saint than
with the destruction of the obnoxious
tea, which latter, indeed, was a mid-
winter festival."

Wind on the Rye.

There is green on the hill, there is gold
on the river,
And the wind on the rye sets my spirit
a-quiver.

There's a thrill in the sod
At the touch of the God,
And a song in my heart for the gift
And the Giver.

Now the grief that for days to my
heart has been clinging
It gone down the wind on the wings
of the singing.

The old sorrows die
In the dance of the rye,
And the joy of the world in my spirit
is springing.

—Edwin Markham in June Nautilus.

Precisely Stated.

Teacher—Tommy, what is the femi-
nine corresponding to the masculine
"stag?"

Tommy (whose mother is a society
leader)—Afternoon tea, m'am.—Mil-
waukee Evening Wisconsin.

Sometimes a blond woman really is
a blonde.

LITTLE STORIES of the MAKING of MEN of the Y.M.C.A.

ACTUAL EXPERIENCES WHICH SHOW
HOW MANY ARE "BOOSTED" UP THE LADDER
TO FILL VALUABLE PLACES
IN THE COMMERCIAL
WORLD



HE DIPPED INTO THE
BIBLE AND FOUND
A PROMISE

HE HUNG FOR THE FIRST
TIME OVER A DRAWING
BOARD



THIS is the age of the "business slogan." A catchy phrase is
made to tell the public volumes concerning the purpose and
aspirations of the organization that is sufficiently fortunate
to hit upon just the right combination of words to cover the
idea. And this slogan, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-
Democrat, is a great thing, in spite of the fact that it does
sometimes convey a wrong impression. The case in point
is the adopted phrase of the Y. M. C. A., that institution that has as its
purpose the upbuilding of Christian manhood and character. This
purpose is admirably set forth in the words, "It is better to form than to re-
form," and because of this sentiment, blazoned all over the association's
work, the idea has gone abroad that this institution gathers up its righteous
skirts and steps gingerly aside when a case that requires reforming is seen
to approach. In very truth the Y. M. C. A. does an enormous amount of
reformatory work; but in such a way that the characters that are being
formed are never brought into contaminating contact with the ones that
were spoiled in the making and need to be patched together.

Some of the cases that are on record in the annals of the association
have about them a glamour of exquisite romance, and occasionally there is
a touch of genuine humor, although for the most part these records speak
of grim tragedy narrowly averted, of wrecked lives and wasted forces. One
of the most interesting cases is that of a young man, of good family and
splendid education, who drifted into the railroad Y. M. C. A. in such a
pitiable plight that only the lowest class of saloon would have harbored him
at all. He was recovering from a prolonged "jag" and looked as if he had
spent much of his time in a particularly filthy ashpit.

Too deeply humiliated to go back home, and having no ties to hold him
in the strange city, he declared to the secretary that he might as well go
down to the river and make an end of his worthless life. It was then that
he felt the grip of a brother's hand, heard the sound of a sympathetic voice
and awoke to the existence of a genuine friend in the person of this stran-
ger who had taken him in and clothed him anew. His ability was such that
a position was not difficult to find. He knew he could get another place, but
he had no conviction that he could keep it, and for moral strength he leaned
on his new-found friend. Every evening he fled in something like terror to
the Y. M. C. A., working with feverish zeal in the gym and drowning his
thirst in the swimming pool. He was not at all religious, but he began to
attend the prayer meetings, and very soon he found himself begging to be
permitted to assist the instructor in mechanical drawing. At the end of six
months he was so deeply absorbed in the work that he had no time to think
about the things that had been his undoing. That was eleven years ago,
and the man is to-day a substantial man, with a beautiful home, a proud
wife and three sons who would double up their small fists at the imputation
that their father was ever on the verge of suicide because he was not
strong enough to master his love of strong drink.

Last summer a young Swiss arrived in St. Louis with only about enough
money to carry him to his destination, which was Kansas City. When he

WHEN WIDOWS PREFER TO WED.

French Statistics Raise Questions
Which Are Hard to Answer.

The French have been compiling
some statistics as to the ages at which
women most frequently seek husbands.
The figures as published show that
widows of 20 or younger and those of
20 or over are as ready for another
husband as the maiden for her first
one. But between the ages of 20 and
30 the desire for a successor to the
departed one appears to be lacking.

"Just what is responsible for this
state of affairs cold facts and figures
fail to show," says the Washington
Herald, commenting on this phenom-
enon. "It is not a question of mathe-
matics, but of heart pulsations, and as
yet no machine or instrument has
been invented which can keep account
of Cupid and his wiles. It is need-
less to go deeply into these figures,
but it is possible that between the
ages of 20 and 30 the widow is so
charming and so attractive that her
suits are so numerous she is un-
able to decide which one to favor.
Then, again, it is possible that she is
content with her station, whereas pre-
vious to 20 she is so young as to feel
the necessity for some protector; while
after the age of 30 she is eager to
wed lest she be left without a life
companion owing to her advancing
years."

Maxims and Mottos.

Other things besides events repeat
themselves in history. Even our fads
and fancies find prototypes in far
countries and times. The mania for
illuminated texts and quotations which
runs riot in these days is nothing new
nor distinctive. When the English
mission of 1904 forced its way to the
forbidden city of Lhasa and laid bare
the mysteries of inner Tibet, they
found that the native taste for illu-
minated mottos had been established
for centuries. Lieut.-Col. L. Austine
Waddell tells of the custom in his
book on the expedition.

The Grand Lama's spell, "Om mani
padme Hum!"—Hail! the Jewel is the
Lotus Flower!—is carved everywhere
on the rocks. Inserted stone tablets
and plastered posters bearing pious
sentences and texts in ornamental
Tibetan letters are all along the way,
to improve the minds of passing readers.
These are mostly maxims of a moral
kind. Some of these are as follows:
"Speech should float forth freely like
a bird in the sky, and be clothed in
charming dress like a goddess."
"Speech should be held as a lion,
soft as a gentle hare, impressive as a

a serpent, pointed as an arrow, and
evenly balanced like a scepter held
in the middle."

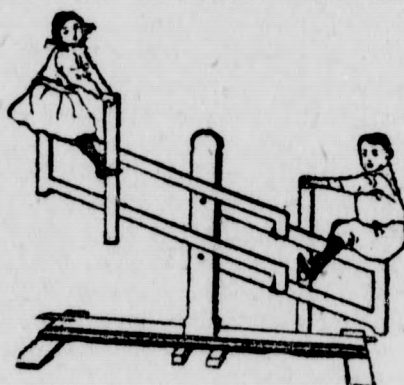
"The Ten Faults—Want of faith,
disrespect for teachers, unpleasant con-
duct, covetousness, talking too much,
laughing at another's misfortune,
using abusive language, getting angry
with old people, robbing and pilfer-
ing."

"The Roots of Quarrels are three,
namely: Yes (assertion), what (doubt-
ing sarcasm), and you (abuse)!"

INVENTS A NEW SEESAW.

Can Be Adjusted for Use by Chil-
dren of Unequal Weight.

One of the most popular forms of
amusement among small children is
the seesaw, but up to the present time
this exercise could only be indulged in
by children of equal weight. A Vir-
ginia man, however, has invented a



SEESAW FOR CHILDREN.

seesaw that can be used by an adult
and child and can be adjusted to make
their weights equalize each other. An
upright post rises from a firm base.
Pivoted to swing on this post are hor-
izontal bars with seats on their outer
ends and handles by which the user
may hold on. The horizontal bars are
made in two parts, slidably mounted
so that one side of the seesaw can be
made different lengths, thus adding to
the weight of the person who sits on
the long end. The whole structure is
strongly built and works easily and
there is no danger of a breaking board
or of children losing their balance on
it as they have rests for their feet
when in the air and a handle to grip.
Such a device will be found a popular
one for private or public playgrounds.

A woman thinks she is calm and
self-controlled if fault found with her
preacher in her presence doesn't jar
a hairpin loose.

Don't be encouraged by a fool's
promise.

THAT OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

War Is Waged on the Romantic
Utensil and Its Companions.

Since the germ theory got us in its
grip the romance of "the old oaken
bucket, the moss-covered bucket," with
its companion, the rustic gourd or old
tin dipper, has waned. As a pic-
turesque decoration of the farm yard
the moss-covered bucket is very good,
but the enlightened grown-up, with a
knowledge of hygiene, finds his enthu-
siasm for its use, in common with
every passer-by, decidedly disturbed,
says the New Idea Woman's Magazine.

And so it is with the tin bucket of
the schoolroom, with the dipper drop-
ped back into it after each drinker's
thirst is quenched. War is being
waged on that bucket and on the com-
mon dipper or drinking cup in all
public places. It is a campaign of edu-
cation and the purpose is to prevent
disease and to minimize the slaughter
of the ignorant.

The danger that lurks in the com-
mon drinking cup is silent, unseen and
frequently unsuspected, and therefore
has long been ignored. But with the
public conscience awakening to the
dangers of infection from tuberculosis
and other diseases and its mind stirred
to the possibilities of prevention the
outcry against the public drinking cup
—a source of many evils—is inevit-
able. Within a year's time—even in
six months—there has been a tremen-
dous feeling created on the subject.
The boards of health of three different
states—Kansas, Michigan and Missis-
sippi—have passed ordinances abolishing
public cups. The New Jersey
board has asked railway companies
whose trains pass through the state to
use individual cups. The New York
state board of health has passed a
resolution condemning public drinking
cups. Various cities have forbidden
the use of common drinking utensils
in schools and public places.

The manufacture of paraffin paper
cups that sell for a penny has helped
to solve the problem of providing
hygienically for the thirst of the pub-
lic.

In many department stores and busi-
ness places in the large cities and on
the trains of several railway lines
these cups have recently been intro-
duced. They come in automatic ven-
ders that operate in the same way as
the chewing gum and chocolate ma-
chines.

In a few years we will doubtless
look upon the common drinking cup
as a symbol of barbarism and when

that feeling has been established much
will have been done toward decreasing
disease.

Those pioneers who are now provid-
ing individual drinking cups for the
public are doing a broadly humani-
tarian thing of very positive benefit.

On Byron's Island.

Once more a powerful syndicate is
trying to purchase "Petite Ile," the
pretty little island and chateau in
Lake Geneva, the New York Herald
says. The object is to start in Switzer-
land a gambling resort on the lines
of Monte Carlo.

But the figure is high and the Swiss
authorities are opposed to the scheme.
A wealthy Parisian artist is the owner,
and he is so pleased with his beauty
spot that it would require a big mag-
net of gold to displace him. Several
similar attempts have been frustrated
by the Swiss government, which de-
sires to keep Switzerland free from the
undesirable and often tragic associa-
tions of the famous resort of south-
ern France.

On this "Petite Ile" Byron wrote
part of "The Prisoner of Chillon." It
lies opposite Montreaux, the resort of
thousands of wealthy Americans every
year, and would without doubt soon
rival Monte Carlo if the syndicate got
started in the Swiss casino business.

Fish Eating Ponies.

"The Shetland peasants, as soon as
the cold comes on, turn their ponies
out to shift for themselves," said a
horse dealer. "On those high, rocky,
barren islands, amid the powerful and
cold winds of winter, the ponies live
on heather and seaweed, and it is in-
dubitable that in their hunger they even
scour the wild coast for dead fish. It
is this life of exposure that gives the
Shetland pony his shaggy coat. What
gives him his kind and gentle dis-
position is the fact that he is brought
up with the dogs and children—one
might almost say in the house."

Just Like a Man.

Mr. Kadley—How mannish she is!
Miss Bright—Isn't she, though? Mr.
Kadley—Yes, and the funny part of
it is she thinks people admire her for
being so. She doesn't seem to see
that people are merely laughing at
her. Miss Bright—Yes, she's mannish
even to that extent.—Catholic Stand-
ard and Times.

It is expected that the new coal mine
near Melbourne, which now yields five
hundred tons a day, will be able next
year to supply all the requirements of
the Victorian state railways.

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Published Weekly

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FRIDAY, JULY 22, 1910.

HEGIRA TO FARMS IS SHOWN BY SCHOOL CENSUS REPORT

Agricultural Sections Reveal Greater Increase Than Cities.

Sacramento.—The State school census for the year ending June 30, 1910, which has just been issued, shows that with one or two small exceptions the agricultural counties have gained both in number of families and in school census children, indicating that the trend of population is to the farm, where the family can live at less expense and combat the increased cost of living.

The enumeration is also interesting for showing that there is a gain in the number of Asiatic children and that the hegira of immigrants from the far East is steadily adding to the future problems of California.

The School census shows a total of 634,963 children in California under the age of 17, of which 460,238 are of school age—between 5 and 17 years.

While there is an increase of 4348 in the total number of children, there is a decrease of about 9234 in the number of census children. This is due mainly to the operation of the new law requiring census marshals to obtain sworn reports from parents and guardians.

The total number of families is 239,465, a gain of 4178, but the average number of children per family of those families having children under 17 years of age has fallen from 2.21 per family last year to 2.12 this year. If the total number of families in the State could be determined, the ratio of children per family would be much lower, as there are many families in each district that have no children. The average number of children of school age is still less, being 1.59, a decrease of 6 per cent. There are many families in each district that have no children. While the ratio used by statisticians in estimating population on the basis of the school census varies in different parts of the State from 3.9 to 5, in view of the decreasing number of children per family, the ratio is very close to the figure, which would give an estimated population today for California of 2,301,190.

Killed by Falling Glass.

New York.—An unusual fatal accident happened here the other day when a sheet of window glass knocked from its frame fell five stories and killed Miss Lena Phillips. She was almost decapitated. The pane of glass, which became unfastened while being washed, sailed obliquely through the air and struck the neck of Miss Phillips, who was walking on the street below.

Oakland Will Regulate Pictures.

Oakland.—An ordinance for the regulation of moving picture shows is under consideration by the City Council. If the proposed ordinance passes in its present form it will mean the death of all prize fight pictures in Oakland, and will also render valueless many of the films showing hold-ups and other scenes of violence, so far as Oakland is concerned.

Bath Nearly Killed Tramp.

Denver.—A compulsory bath nearly proved fatal to H. Schwartz, under arrest for vagrancy. When Schwartz was taken to the city jail he was compelled to bathe. He entered the tub in fear and trembling, was immediately seized with a fit and nearly drowned. He was unconscious when found by other prisoners.

George Washington's Teeth.

Cleveland.—False teeth worn by George Washington were exhibited at the National Convention of Dentists in Denver. They furnish an interesting comparison between dental work of over a century ago and that of today.

Chinese Pirates Killed.

Hongkong.—A Portuguese gunboat, co-operating with troops, bombarded the pirate settlement on the island of Colowan, destroying the houses and killing many natives.

SUMMARY OF PAST WEEK'S COAST NEWS

Interesting Events Among Our Neighbors in the Far West Reviewed.

What Has Transpired on the Border of the Broad Pacific From Alaska to Mexico.

Oakland.—The Chamber of Commerce has decided to abandon the auxiliary State fair this year.

San Francisco.—The Southern Pacific Company last week paid the United States the \$18,000 fine that was recently imposed on the company for rebating.

Auburn.—J. S. Green of Santa Cruz, while camping near here, awoke to find he had been sleeping with a rattlesnake curled up on the foot of his bed. He grabbed a club and killed the snake.

Sacramento.—Figures made public by the State Lunacy Commission show that at the end of the fiscal year, June 30th, the State of California was caring for 8025 insane and weak-minded sufferers.

Pasadena.—The American Institute of Homeopathy, in session here last week, unanimously adopted a resolution denouncing the attempt to prevent the use of sulphur in the curing of California fruits.

Fresno.—With the advance of the fruit harvesting season local Japanese contractors for field help have discovered that men available at present are so scarce that they may be unable to supply the demand.

Oakland.—In a report of building operations in the city during the fiscal year just closed, it is shown that a total of 3785 building permits were issued during the year, providing for the erection of structures to cost \$6,516,645.88.

Reno.—The name of Reno seems to be growing in attractiveness to the mated of the upper social circles of the Atlantic metropolis. The town is becoming literally swamped with women seeking divorces. They are arriving from the East in greater numbers than ever before.

Livermore.—This year has witnessed the beginning of what promises to be one of the most important industries of the Livermore valley, the raising of berries for the markets. Berries require a gravel soil, with plenty of water, and the Livermore valley possesses several hundred acres of this soil.

Sacramento.—Fifteen hundred veterans of the Spanish-American war will camp in Capitol Park, under strict military discipline, with guards, camp fires and other features, on August 1, 2 and 3. The occasion will be the State encampment of the Department of California, United Spanish War Veterans.

Auburn.—Mrs. Hawver, wife of Dr. J. C. Hawver, was fatally burned at her home in this city. Her little grandchildren were playing with a lighted candle and accidentally set some household articles afire. Mrs. Hawver, who is a paralytic, in trying to extinguish the flames, had her clothing set afire.

Carson City, Nev.—Entering a stall to take out his horse here, William Wenholt, a well known rancher of Carson valley, was kicked to death by the vicious animal. His leg was broken by the first impact of the horse's heels and before assistance could reach him the frenzied brute had stamped and kicked him to death.

Portland, Or.—Three times in the past month Mrs. R. C. Jennings of Gresham, 12 miles from here, has been the victim of mysterious assaults, a solution of concentrated lye being thrown in her face by a night visitor, whose identity is unknown. An investigation is being made by the Sheriff and the entire town is in a state of excitement.

Reno.—The town of Palisade, situated eight miles west of Carlin, was almost entirely destroyed by fire. This is the second time the town has been entirely demolished this year. This spring the entire town, when standing on the south side of the track, was washed away by the flood. The citizens then crossed to the north side of the track, leveled off a hill and built anew.

Stockton.—Plans have been perfected for a unique scheme in advertising there sources and bringing to the attention of the people of the East the advantages of San Joaquin county. The Stockton Commercial Club has closed a deal with the same photographers who took the Jeffries-Johnson fight pictures to take moving photos of farming scenes that will give a true-to-life picture story of what is being done in the country.

WEEK'S DOINGS OF THE WORLD BRIEFLY TOLD

News From All Points of the Compass by Wire and by Wireless.

Important Events From Oyster Bay to Mombasa Presented in Pithy Paragraphs.

London.—The elaborate funeral given King Edward cost the nation \$202,500, as shown in the supplementary financial estimates just issued.

Newark, O.—Mayor Atherton, against whom rest charges of neglect of duty during the riot when Carl Etherington was lynched, has resigned. He was under suspension by Governor Harmon.

South Bend, Ind.—A 21-inning game was played here in the Central League, South Bend defeating Zanesville, O., by the score of 1 to 0. Jones for Zanesville and Myers for South Bend pitched throughout the game.

Milwaukee.—Senator La Follette will not be a candidate for re-election before the Legislature unless he wins in the primary contest next September. This is the authoritative announcement of Senator La Follette's campaign manager.

Paris.—The Cabinet has decided to submit a bill for the adoption of Western European time in France. During the old days of enmity toward England the French steadily refused to accept standard time, maintaining the solar time of Paris, which is nine minutes slower.

Washington.—Another chapter in the round-the-world cruise of the little gunboats Wheeling and Petrel was marked by their arrival at Yokohama last week. They left Bremerton, Wash., about a month ago. They are headed for the Atlantic coast of the United States by way of the Suez canal.

Pueblo, Colo.—A portion of the J. C. Teller dam in Turkey Creek valley gave way, the result of a cloudburst, which had caused the water to rise 60 feet within three hours, and the flood which poured down the valley caused many people to flee for their lives. Two or three narrow escapes, but no deaths, are reported.

Washington.—Organized labor has not been fairly dealt with by the present Administration, and its enemies are in a majority in Congress, according to Frank Morrison, secretary of the American Federation of Labor. In an address he urged the delegates to use the ballot to defeat for re-election members of Congress opposed to organized labor.

Knoxville, Tenn.—Not since 1875, when the remains of President Andrew Johnson were laid to rest in a cemetery at Greenville, has such a funeral been held in east Tennessee as that which marked the burial of the late Congressman Walter P. Brownlow at Johnson City. The exercises were held at the Soldiers' Home, and were attended by thousands of people.

Kansas City, Mo.—Clasping her 18-months old baby in her arms, Mrs. Rosie Mickle, wife of an employe of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe roundhouse in Kansas City, Kas., threw herself in front of a passenger train near the roundhouse. Poverty, it is said, caused the woman to seek death. She was killed instantly, but the baby lived an hour after it was picked up.

Denver.—The American Society of Orthodontists, an international body of dentists, held its tenth annual convention here last week. While Governor Shafroth was extending welcome newspaper photographers attempted to photograph groups of delegates and started a small riot. Later it was explained that for a dentist to have his picture appear in a newspaper was not considered ethical.

Rock Island, Ill.—Indictments against 13 officers of the American Home Circle and of the Fraternal Tribunes who were concerned in the merger of the two societies in 1908, have been returned by the Grand Jury. The merger is said to have been followed by the disappearance of the Tribune's reserve fund of \$7000 and the alleged mismanagement of the society's affairs to such an extent that it was ultimately wrecked.

Washington.—The total value of the foreign commerce of the United States during the fiscal year of 1910, which ended on June 30th, was \$3,302,821,057, according to complete returns made public by the Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Commerce and Labor. The total imports were valued at \$1,557,854,854 exceeding those of any previous year by more than \$123,000,000. The total exports were valued at \$1,744,966,203, falling \$136,000,000 behind 1907, the record year.

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Ocean View—7:30, and 11:00.
South San Francisco—8:30.

Vista Grande M. E. Church—Rev. David Raiston, Pastor; Rev. J. E. Pescott, Asst.—Services 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School, 10 a. m.; Prayer Meeting, Thursdays; Junior League, Saturdays, 2:30 p. m.; Mrs. Meeth, Supt.; Epworth League, Sundays, 6:30 p. m.; Miss Ada Turner, Pres.; Ladies' Aid, alternate Tuesdays, 2:30 p. m.; Mrs. Redding, Pres.

Grace Presbyterian Church—Rev. Olney Kinkadee Walker, pastor (Res. 311 Crocker Bldg.). Preaching 8 p. m. Sunday School, 10 a. m.

POSTOFFICE NOTICE.

Postoffice open daily from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M. Sundays, 8 A. M. to 9 A. M. Money order window opened from 7 A. M. to 5:45 P. M.
Letters for registration must be posted half an hour previous to the time for closing the mail.
Mails are dispatched from office 15 minutes before train time.
Out-going mail leaves as follows:

7:08 A. M.

1:10 P. M.

6:49 P. M.

Mails arriving at this office are due as follows:

6:05 A. M.

11:55 A. M.

5:55 P. M.

G. W. TAYLOR

Postmaster.

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**THE DIDN'T-KNOW-IT-WAS-LOADED MAN AND THE PLAYFUL IDIOT WHO
ROCKS THE BOAT OUGHT TO BE BROUGHT TOGETHER ON THE WATER.**



It is always in order to utter warnings against the didn't-know-it-was-loaded fool and the playful idiot who rocks the boat. Perhaps it would be well to bring them together on the water. The man who points a gun at a person should be immediately knocked down or locked up, while the man who rocks a boat ought to be summarily thrown overboard. The man or boy who is not familiar with boats and how to handle them should confine his excursions afloat to the companionship of experts, and not endanger the lives of others by inviting them to share the risk of his incapability. Women and

children especially should refuse to go into boats not handled by competent persons.

Another word. If you cannot swim, and desire to go a-boating, become a swimmer. There is no great secret or great difficulty about swimming. It is splendid exercise, one of the best forms of physical culture for either sex, and a fine sport. If it had none of these advantages, and meant long hours of hard work, swimming would still be worth learning, as an ordinary precaution on the part of anyone desirous of enjoying aquatic amusements.

WORK.

Who first invented work and bound the free
And holiday-rejoicing spirit down
To the ever-haunting opportunity
Of business in the green fields and the town—
To plow, loom, anvil, spade—and, oh, most sad,
To that dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood?
Who but the being unblest, alien from good,
Sabbathless Satan; he who his unglad task
Ever piles 'mid rotatory burnings. That round
And round round incalculably reel—
For wrath divine hath bade him like a wheel—
In that red realm from which are no returnings;
Where tolling and turmoiling ever and aye
He, and his thoughts, keep pensive working day.

1819.
—Charles Lamb.

JOINING THE PROCESSION

Snyder arranged the variegated collection of envelopes in a neat pile on the little table convenient to his elbow before he opened one. That precision was characteristic of Snyder. Of course, other men just as successful and talented as Snyder might be able to gather up their mail in a bunch, grab a letter at random, slit it open with a finger and enjoy the communication, but he could not.

The club attendant had learned to be careful and not get in the way when Snyder settled himself for a peaceful hour before dinner with mail and papers. He helped adjust the pile to a more correct vertical angle and then he noiselessly withdrew.

Snyder uttered an expressive word as he opened the first envelope. It contained the wedding announcement of a man whom he had thought as confirmed a bachelor as himself. There it was in black and white—Hendrickson vanished from the ranks of clubdom!

In a kind of daze Snyder ran through the other envelopes. The contents of next to the last one gave him another shock. It was a brief communication from Conybeare, who built bridges and was a wanderer whose home was in a trunk because of his profession; yet Conybeare reported with cheerful nonchalance that he was going to be married next month to the finest girl on earth.

Snyder sat carefully trying to make the two envelopes whose contents had so upset him meet at the edges, but he couldn't, because the announcement envelope was bigger than the other. Even the envelope couldn't be retiring and properly apologetic for Hendrickson's foolishness, but he had to flaunt the news as though it were something to crow about!

He had always considered Hendrickson a particularly level-headed fellow. But Conybeare—that really was a

keen sorrow. He and Conybeare had been like brothers since their college days. It had been one of those friendships which are so perfect that time and distance have no effect on them and it had been one of the things that contribute to making life worth living. Yet Conybeare had thrown everything over now for the sake of some girl!

Snyder felt oddly adrift and lonely. He smiled a trifle bitterly at the memory of the phrase, "finest girl on earth." That alone showed the befuddled state of mind Conybeare was in, for any one in a normal state of mind knew there were many fine women on earth. In fact, Snyder knew several himself. He was not a woman hater, by any means, but as he and Hendrickson had many times decided in their talks and after-dinner smokes, it was a mistake to allow a woman to have a dominant place in one's life. The man who married tied himself down.

Snyder had been comfortably happy in his club life and his friends, but now two of these closest friends had brutally abandoned him—had struck their colors and bent their necks to the yoke!

The longer he considered the situation the more disgruntled Snyder got.



SNYDER FELT ODDLY ADRIPT.

He ate his dinner sullenly. Even the noiseless peace of the club dining room, a peace never achieved by a dining room presided over by a chattering wife and a home cook, got on his nerves. He was upset and he yearned to talk to some one.

Looking around the room, he saw no one he cared to join. What he wanted was intelligent sympathy. Women certainly caused all the trouble in the world, and it was surprising, considering what really charming persons they were on occasion. Anne Wilson, for instance.

He had known Anne for ten years

and the Wilson house was a second home to him. The reason he liked to go there was that Anne had sense and didn't get sentimental. In fact, she seemed to look at things nearly from his point of view. He was always sure of her understanding his ideas and he felt that she would be just as indignant about Conybeare's and Hendrickson's actions as he was himself. She would think they had treated him unfairly and themselves with poor judgment.

He resolved that when he finished dining he would run out to the Wilsons and tell Anne all about it. In fact, there was no one else now to whom he could talk about it. He was sure of Anne. If Conybeare and Hendrickson had only been content with a good, sensible friendship like that instead of fancying they were in love and spoiling everything. Still, there was some excuse for them, for women of the Anne Wilson stamp were rare.

He was considering this when Abbott sauntered by and said something.

"What?" Snyder cried, explosively. "Why, I dropped into the Joneses this afternoon," Abbott explained, "and the girls were talking about it. They said it hadn't been announced, but everybody was sure Anne Wilson was engaged to Trevors. Of course, it may not be so."

Snyder got to his feet, made for his coat and hat and then dashed out of the club.

He found himself walking very fast in the direction of the Wilson residence, and then he dashed to the nearest telephone and ordered a taxi-cab. It would be quicker. Some strange emotion was thrilling him amid all his consternation and wrath. He was all awhirl in a strange new world, into which he had been cast bodily by that idiot Abbott, and he thirsted for battle.

"Why, I could lick that fool Trevors with one hand!" Snyder muttered, as he climbed into the cab before it had fairly stopped. "Anne engaged to him! Not if I know it! What fool I've been all these years!"—Chicago Daily News.

Seventh Century Needlework.

Before the end of the seventh century needlework was carried to great perfection in convents, where it was used for the embellishment of the church and the decoration of priestly robes. Artists did not think it beneath their dignity to trace the patterns used for embroidery in their natural colors. A certain religious lady, wishing to embroider a sacerdotal vestment, asked no less a personage than St. Dunstan, then a young man, but already noted for his artistic skill and taste, to draw the flowers and figures, which she afterward worked in gold thread.

Funny to Her.

"Is he really a humorist?" "He certainly is," replied the sweet young thing. "He actually asked me to marry him."

Men with Lofty Souls, and Lofty Ideals and Ambitions, bore us nearly as much as drunkards.

LITTLE WILLIE'S BRIGHT IDEA

He Caught Santa, All Right, But Probably Santa Had His Innings Afterward.

A. B. Walkley, the dramatic critic of the London Times, refused, at a dinner at the Union club, to criticize adversely the New theater of New York.

"To criticize you adversely, at a moment when you are giving a feast in my honor, would surely be impolitic on my part," Mr. Walkley said. "I should be putting my foot in it, like the Santa Claus of Chelsea."

"A Chelsea artist—you know all London artists live in Chelsea—rose in the middle of the night on Christmas eve, and, in pajamas and bare feet, proceeded to the coal black room of his little sons. He had in his arms toys, sweets and picture books, and his wife with a glad heart watched him depart.

"But a minute after he entered the boys room he muttered a terrible cry.

"John, John, what's the matter?" cried his wife.

"Oh," he groaned. "I've caught my foot in a rat trap. 'A nice place,' he added, reproachfully, 'for a rat trap, I must say!'

"There, if I didn't forget!" the wife exclaimed. "Willie told me he was going to set it to catch Santa!"

TOO CONSPICUOUS IN COLOR

United States Will No Longer Have Grey Horses in Its Cavalry Regiments.

The gray charger, long an inspiration for the poets of chivalry, is now passe. So say the high officials of the war department who look after the purchase of horses for the United States cavalry.

He may be just as vigorous, intelligent and faithful as his brothers of another color, but he's too conspicuous, they tell us, too apt to get his \$200 hide filled with lead. So he has to go. Horsemen of the National stock yards can no longer sell grays to the government, which they maintain is bad business all 'round.

Uncle Sam formerly owned \$240,000 worth of horses of this color. One troop in every regiment was known as the "Gray Troop." But on investigation the department decided that so much money in living targets was a bad investment, for in these days of high-power rifles the gray troop would be a shining mark for the infantry of the enemy before the bays and blacks and browns and sorrels could get close enough to be distinguished from the scenery.

Home Moving Pictures.

In being adapted for the home moving pictures have entered a new and very promising stage. A simple apparatus recently patented is described as only three feet long by one foot deep. It is provided with a ground glass at one end, on which a picture 8x10 inches in size can be thrown, but if a larger view is required, the ground glass can be removed, when the image will be projected upon a white sheet or other surface provided, and will be enlarged more or less, according to the distance from the machine of this new screen. Any convenient light, such as an acetylene bicycle lamp—will serve for an illumination. It is expected that the apparatus will be made in a variety of styles, from a cost of a dollar or two to quite expensive outfits, and the spoils of film, lasting two to three minutes, are to be furnished at prices comparable to those of phonograph records. Freedom from risk of fire is claimed, as the film is heated much less than by the powerful lights necessary for the larger machines.

Wildcat Meat for Fighters.

Wildcat meat is at a premium in the Chinese quarters of San Francisco as a result of the strife between the Yee family and the On Tick Tong—which has brought about six murders in or near San Francisco since November.

There is a superstitious belief among the Chinese that if their warriors are fed on the flesh of the wildcat they will acquire the ferocity of the beast and their fighting efficiency will be much improved. The butchers of the quarter are driving a thriving trade in wildcat among the two clans now at war.—Fur News.

Sir John's Business Methods.

Sir John Fisher, who as an admiral has a great many demands upon him from people who come on pretense of talking business, uses, and is said to be the inventor of the following method of warning them off: A slip of paper is handed to the caller before he is brought into the outer office. It says: "When you go to see a business man, go on business and state your business in a businesslike manner. When you have concluded your business go about your business and leave him to finish his business and mind your own business."

The Reason.

First Strap Hanger (in a whisper)—Why did you give that woman your seat? She isn't bundle laden, tired or pretty, or even polite.

Second S. H.—Well—er—you—see she is my wife.—Harvard Lampoon.

No Trouble.

"Do you have any trouble in collecting your bills?"

"Not a bit," answered the dentist. "My patients are always relieved when they find that my notices are not reminders of an appointment."

MRS. M. A. JOHNSON

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NANCY.

Not softer clouds shade evening skies
Than deepen in her shining eyes;
Nor gayer than her laugh at me
Is morning sunlight on the sea!

Like mountain air 'mid dewy grass
The musings of my little lass—
With her my dusty thoughts regain
Greenness like leaves in tender rain.

Ah, yes, you smile! But I confess
I simply dare not love her less,
Or scorn heaven's well-invented plan
That makes the child protect the man.

Sin, strong as boar's living snare,
Glides past, surprised to find her there.
The stealthy ill that suck my breath
Draw hers in mine, and feel it death.

But if I gravely stoop to kiss
That little mischief-loving miss,
She scampers off, with teasing spite,
And furtive glances of delight!

The New Leaf

John Henry Billington walked slowly along the dusty road, his prospecting tools slung over his back. The hot sun beat down pitilessly and intensified the headache which he had fairly earned the night before. The debauch had not been his first, and he was too experienced a hand to consider it his last. And yet he abused himself roundly as he walked the unfamiliar road. He had shaken the dust of Jintown from his feet, and hidden goodby forever to that paradise of the iniquitous.

He stepped to one side of the road, at the sound of wheels, without looking up.

"Whoa!" sounded a cheery voice, as the brake grated on the wheel. "Hiv a lift, stranger?"

John Henry smiled out of a pair of very honest blue eyes. "Wal, I guess—rather," he answered, flinging his pack into the wagon and climbing over the wheel.

"All set?" queried the driver.

"No—hold on a minute," said John Henry, reaching his long arm for his battered property. "Thank you," he said, cordially, as he clambered down.

The man drove on, mystified, while John Henry explained his reasons to himself. "It was kind of him to offer it, an' you didn't like to hurt his feelings by gittin' down. Oh, no!—nor your own neither. That war the principal thing—your own. Now, you lazy, drunken, worthless old reprobate, hit the trail. You lost your chance for a lift last night. Foot it."

The John Henry who ordered John Henry to "foot it" smiled whimsically at the feet of the one who obeyed him. The shoes, which had danced the night before in Billy McGuire's saloon as badly as they had been fitted for it, were yet less fitted for travel. "Hard lines, old man," laughed John Henry. "But pay up, pay up square. Will ye be a coward as well as everything else?"

As he strode along, he thought it all over. What a muddle he had made of things. Five years of prospecting and nothing to show for it—not even a decent pair of shoes. Well, he had had some fun—rather—even if it had left a bad taste in his mouth, and made a fool of himself times without number. What had started him on his jaunt he hardly knew—the impression had been too vague. And his wits had not been collected enough to know that a girl's gray eyes, looking up at him through the smoke in McGuire's saloon, were just the shade of another girl's eyes, though the girls were as different as light and darkness, thank God!

He laughed a little as he recalled the events of the preceding night. A big fool he had been—as usual. Of what use had it been, emptying out his hard-earned gold dust, into the little soiled hand that closed greedily over it? Implying her with drunken, maudlin tears and paternal embraces to "take it and return to her father."

Well, she would return—to Billy McGuire's saloon, or some other—and so would he. At least, as soon as he had seen Martha—his little Martha—his little, brown Martha, with the clear gray eyes, whose lips knew no guile; who had believed in him when the others had cast him off as the too plentiful crop of wild oats flourished and grew tall. Yes, he understood quite well now the longing that had been on him. It was just to see Martha that he had started out—not that he had right or wish to seek her—but just to look at her once more, himself unseen, and remember forever after that God had made some women good. Twenty miles and forty miles, twenty again, a scant eighteen, and there you were. Not many miles to have separated two so widely.

He stepped out briskly, and as the night closed in saw just ahead of him the twinkling lights of a little town. He stood for a moment, watching, then turned aside and lay down on a little bank, his hands clasped under his head. Failure marked every milestone he had passed, but a sense of victory possessed him, as he knew a town—a mining town—lay just ahead of him. "You'd like to, you skunk," he upbraided himself, "an' still I won't let ye. If ye stand by Martha's gate, it'll be as a man five days sober."

On the second day the old shoes refused to accompany him further, and he "traded" his prospecting tools for an ill-fitting pair. He felt strangely better afterward. He had burned his bridges; it was the end of the gambler's life, the gambler's unrest. He would fill the soil as his father and

his father's father had before him. And perhaps, in time, he could live things down—and after a while—perhaps—Martha. So the man's thoughts and feet strayed in pleasant ways.

Of the chances gone, he thought not at all—or at least with only a regretful sigh that he had so little to offer. He would turn—he had turned—over a new leaf. The very words brought back the day of his leaving, five years before. He had used them in earnest to Martha's Aunt Jane—Aunt Jane, who would not allow new leaves to be turned; who would not even let them write to each other.

It was night as he drew near the farm house. It was early, though, barely six—the country supper hour. As he opened the gate there was a rush, a bark of joyful recognition. John Henry knelt down and hugged the dog. "Why, you, you darned old Don!" the man sobbed, "if you ain't remembered me!"

It was easy, with the friendly dog, to creep up to the kitchen window, where, as he remembered, the shades were never drawn. From his great height it was possible to peer in the window. It was all as he remembered it, though a mist shut it for a moment from his eyes. The very dishes were the same; the snow-white cloth; the vase of flowers; the shining stove. How well he remembered it!

As he gazed, fascinated, an inner door opened, and he saw Martha. His knees trembled under him, and yet he went forward and tapped with his shaking hand upon the kitchen door.

A flood of light fell over him as Martha opened the door. "Why, Jack! Why, dear Jack!" she said, putting out both hands; "you've come home."

She drew him inside and shut the door, talking, laughing, but asking no questions—Martha knew when a man could not speak. "Poor Aunt Jane is dead, you know, Jack," she said, after a moment.

"No—no. I never heard."

"Yes. The winter after you went away," Martha continued, after the faintest possible hesitation. "She left a message for you. I often wanted to write it to you, but I didn't know



IT WAS ALL AS HE REMEMBERED IT.

where you was. She marked it in her Bible. I can't remember it."

"Yes, you can," said John Henry.

"You can always tell, Jack," laughed Martha. "I do remember it, at least some of it, but it ain't polite."

"Tell away."

"When the wicked man turns away, that's all I know, and it's awful to tell you that much."

"No, it ain't. It fits me all right. I'm a wicked man and I've turned, Martha."

"And Don remembered you," she interrupted.

"Yes—an' you."

"We don't forget old friends. You'll think I knew you was coming, when I tell you I've a strawberry shortcake for supper. Do you remember how you always liked it?"

"I don't forget nothing," said John Henry. "An', Martha—an' Martha—when the wicked man turns—is there—can he—Martha?"

She understood. A flush came to the soft brown of her cheek, and she started to answer, but a quick step sounded outside and she threw open the door.

"Well, little woman—" the man began, brightly, but stopped awkwardly at sight of the stranger.

"Will, this is Jack—" But "Will" interrupted her, taking John's irresponsible hand in his own.

"Introduce us. I guess not. This is the fellow I told you about, that jest set in the wagon and wouldn't take a ride. Ef I'd only known who ye wuz, an' where you wuz comin' you wouldn't hev got away so easy. We often talked about you. The wife told me all about you. The boy's named after you. Lord Marthy, go an' wake up little John Henry."

His face was shining with good will John Henry's dry lips moved. "It—you're too good—both o' ye. A welcome like this—a man ain't no right to expect it—especially when he's just dropped in casual—jest casual. But I appreciate it—don't think I don't—though I've got to get along—got to immediate. There's a little place I'm due at, so I'll have to bid ye both goodby."

He stood up gravely and with no trace of awkwardness. Nature had dealt kindly with him. The face she had planned looked on them; not the face of the man he had become. He shook hands with them both. Martha's he left something. "For the little fellow," he said, softly.

After he had gone, Martha, with dim eyes, looked into her own, that smiled back from the little gold locket. As for John Henry, no emotion shone on his face. But when he

reached the gate, he knelt down and let Don lick his hands. Then he resolutely set his face toward the road, which led, eventually, to impious Jintown.—San Francisco Argonaut.

DUTIES OF BRITISH KING.

Character of His Position and the Qualities Expected in Him.

A king of England is the grand chairman of the nation. He is crowned and hereditary president of our republic, the royal lord protector of our imperial commonwealth. His example is more powerful than his edict. He must have kindness, the sympathy of comprehension as well as the sympathy of approbation; dignity, and the gentleness that is compatible with firmness. All these things the nation marked in Queen Victoria and in him for whom we now grieve. If one thinks what the ideal chairman of a meeting of ordinary Englishmen has to be, one has a very fair picture of the virtues needed in a British king, the London Spectator says. He must be considerate to the minority; he must never allow them to think that as chairman he is seeking safety on the side of mere numerical strength; yet he must insure the prevalence of what he judges to be the opinion of the majority. He must be patient and courteous and yet never allow a fanatic or a firebrand to impose upon him. He must never appear to stifle discussion and yet he must insure that discussion shall be relevant; he must keep order firmly and yet he must make it appear that in doing so he is only acting as the agent of the meeting whose chief interest is orderliness.

It is a notoriously difficult office to fill. And in this crowded republic of ours all parties which have any power have come to the deliberate conclusion—and this after some earnest questionings at the time of the French revolution—that the grand chairman of the nation is best drawn from a special family which is, so to speak, bred for the purpose. Having had just the qualities we required in King Edward VII, we look with confidence to see them reproduced in King George V, who is not only his son but his disciple. We, who are of this opinion, think that we leave on the whole less chance than is left in republics, where the presidents cannot have been specially trained for the position which they are chosen to occupy. It was said in the late king's life that if England suddenly became a republic he certainly would have been elected its first president.

Kingliness in the English conception must be marked by courage and self-sacrifice and yet there is no room for those kinds of courage and self-sacrifice which have distinguished the rulers of some other countries. We do not want the mastery interference and severe, if well intended, dragooning of a Frederick the Great, nor the passion for splendor of a Louis XIV, nor the policy of enlightenment by cruel compulsion of a Peter the Great. We desire to be allowed to live our own lives in our own way, guided only by a wise head which has studied the rules of our procedure and can be relied upon to interpret them fairly. A Prussian ruler would be quite out of place here and even if we thought his martial bearing "kingly" at first, we should soon find out that he was the very reverse of what in the back of our minds we hold to be a kingly man.

THE UMPIRE.

Did You Ever Hear the Fans Cheer Him for His Work?

There is one unique phase connected with the life of the umpire which perhaps has never occurred to most lovers of baseball. You have often been to a theater and seen the hero or heroine—yes, even the villain—win round after round of applause for some excellent bit of acting.

You have been to a football game and heard some half gladiator cheered to the echo for making a long run that resulted in a touchdown or for a flying tackle that prevented imminent defeat. When some player is injured they convey their sympathy to him by cheering his name.

You have been to a ball game and heard the fans cheer some crack pitcher because in a pinch he fanned the natural way of the American to show admiration and appreciation.

Rack your brain, think your hardest, recall every game you have ever attended, then see if you can remember a time when the umpire drew applause for his work. Have you ever heard the fans cheer the name of the umpire after he has worked a fifteen inning game which fairly bristled with close and unusual plays and got away without a kick? If you can recall such an incident, just dot in down in your notebook that you were present at a very, very unusual happening.

Do they cheer the umpire's name when he stops a foul tip with his shin or has a swift shoot bounced off his mask? Yes, they do—not. Any injury to the umpire usually gets a round of derisive laughter from the crowd. Generally, if he has been going bad, some leather lunged individual requests that he be killed or chloroformed. Of course there are many people in the stands who sympathize with the umpire. Their sympathy is usually silence. That isn't much balm to his injury or feelings.

Applause would sound so strange to an umpire's ears that he would probably become so thoroughly frightened he would jump the back fence.—Billy Evans in New York Tribune.

No man ever got a pension without thinking thereafter that it ought to be increased.

THE HOME AND ITS MISTRESS

Married Friends.

I am persuaded that friendship is the basis of true marriage—the man and woman must be able to get on together in the serenity of natural comradeship without continuous rasp and jar. They must possess toward each other the plain and elemental qualities of confidence, loyalty and tenderness; they must hold the same views concerning the meaning of life; each must desire nothing so much as the welfare of the other; neither can have aught which is not at the disposal of the other. Love there must be, indeed, but not love alone, for love is of fiery essence and often falls to result in happiness either for the lover or the loved. There is, I believe, an Italian proverb, "Love is a dagger in the heart." This could never be said of friendship. The very word itself is a synonym of felicity. Many husbands and wives, not without love, fall of amity and dwell in hell because they are not, first of all, friends. Friendship is the warp and woof of human oneness; love is the dye and pattern which makes the fabric splendid.—Richard Wightman, in Metropolitan Magazine.

Attractive Bathing Suit.



A pretty suggestion for bathing suit in either silk or mohair gunmetal silk, with braid and buttons for trimming, would be charming. The design is good—a bit out of the ordinary.

Health and Beauty Hints.

Keep your mind young by fresh, vigorous thinking, and your heart sound by cultivating a cheerful, optimistic disposition.

Don't live to eat, but eat to live. Many of our ills are due to overeating, to eating the wrong things, and to irregular eating.

Don't be too ambitious; the canker of an overvaluing ambition has eaten up the happiness of many a life, and shortened its years.

Throw aside your dignity and romp and play with the children; make them love you by loving them, and you will add years to your life.

Keep busy; idleness is a great friend of age, but an enemy of youth. Regular employment and mental occupation are marvelous youth preservers.

Pure air both indoors and outdoors is absolutely essential to health and longevity. Never allow yourself to remain in a poisoned or vitiated atmosphere.

Put some beauty into your life every day by seeing beautiful works of art, beautiful bits of scenery, or by reading some noble poem or selection in prose.

Don't let anything interfere with your regular hours of work and rest, but get plenty of sleep, especially what is called "beauty sleep," before midnight.

Never compare yourself with others of the same age or think that you must appear as old as they because you have marked the same number of years.

Take regular exercise in the open air every day in all weathers; walk, ride, row, swim or play; but, whatever you do, keep out of doors as much as possible.

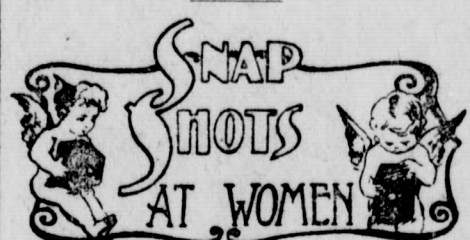
Making and Serving Tea.

One of the fads that has cropped out with the settled habit of afternoon tea drinking is the serving of colored bonbons with the tea in place of cube sugar. Some women make these bonbons, coloring them to suit the fitting of the table and flavoring them with lemon or orange. Rock candy is also used for this purpose. Lemon and tea are said to clear the complexion, but if one is very tired the tea should be drunk clear or with a little milk and very slowly. If one ever noticed the epicurean comfort of an old tea drinker with a hot cup of tea one must have observed with what deliberation the tea was taken. It is a fault with many housewives to let the tea stand too long after the water goes on before serving. Seven minutes is the prescribed limit of any brand, and less than five is better with all kinds. For a second cup, where a teapot is for the first service, a tea ball or perforated teamaking spoon is a convenience.

Hanging Curtains.

If you desire to hang sash curtains and have no brass rods for the purpose, put brass tacks where you would

have liked to screw the hooks for the rod. Fasten a stout cord to a heavy rubber band, double the cord and have the combined length of the cord and rubber 2 inches less than the distance between the tacks. Run the cord and rubber through the casing of the curtain and after hanging the cord over one tack, stretch the rubber to reach the second tack. This simple device holds the curtain snug and taut.



There are twenty-seven American women registered as medical students in the University of Berlin.

Sixty-two per cent of adult Danish women voted at the first election which afforded them the privilege.

G. Frederick Turner, author of the recent novel, "Gloria," has married the youngest daughter of George Grosmith, the English actor.

Mrs. Adelaide Johnson, the American sculptor who opened a studio in London last season, is reported not only to have all the orders for work that she can execute, but to be winning a name for herself as an after-dinner speaker.

Queen Maud of Norway has innumerable hobbies and recreations, many of them being of a very useful and practical nature. She devotes many hours to sewing, wood carving and bookbinding, and in regard to the latter work has turned out some really beautiful specimens of the craft.

Perfuming the Wardrobe.

White silk pads filled with cotton sprinkled with layers of delicate perfume are the most practical means of perfuming lingerie, dainty blouses, neckwear and the like. It is something of a task to keep small sachets in the heavier garments hanging in the clothes closet, and the perfume, used in such minute quantities as the various little bags call for, soon evaporates. A good way is to sprinkle a generous amount of the perfume in a deep saucer and burn it, allowing the fumes to penetrate all the articles of clothing in the clothes closet. Great care must be exercised, of course, not to set fire to anything near the pan of perfume.

The Bathing Cap.

The popular bathing cap of to-day can be easily made by any woman. One style of cap consists of an oval-shaped piece of material shirred about the face by means of a drawstring run through a pocket on the wrong side of the fabric's outer edge. The turban cap is cut in circular shape and gathered on a wide ribbon with long ends which, by passing behind the ears, hold the headgear firmly in place.

Learn How to Sleep.

Lying on the back with the arms thrown over the head invites disease of the throat, eyes and nose. The

pressure of the palate against the back of the throat prevents free breathing and weakens respiration; the mouth opens and collects foreign and injurious matter floating in the air. Nor should the arms be folded on the chest, which needs freedom from weight. To lie with one hand on the cheeks invites wrinkles and slightly numbs the skin.

Beware of the frown or discontented expression, else it may leave its imprint during the long hours of the night. As you find yourself yielding to drowsiness summon a pleasant thought that shall set the seal of peacefulness upon your face. Beware the drooping of the jaw, even a tiny bit; around the mouth will settle heavy curved lines, so difficult to eradicate.

No matter how short the slumber, cover yourself lightly; an open newspaper is better than nothing. Nature seizes the opportunity when one is resting to give the heart much less to do; when in a recumbent position it makes ten strokes less a minute than when one is standing up.

Modish Straw Turban.



Smart turban of Tuscan straw, whose upturned brim is faced with black velvet. A band of same is fastened around crown, and on left side there is an artistic arrangement of two white plumes.

The Thumb.

The thumb that bends back easily indicates great adaptability, extravagance, brilliancy and versatility. The owner of such a thumb is at home in changing circumstances, is generous, sympathetic, sentimental, and, as a rule, improvident. The owner of a stiff thumb is practical, matter-of-fact, economical, exacting and weighs everything carefully. She is the possessor of a strong will power and is stubbornly determined.

Cleaning Straw Hats.

Many a person uses a solution of oxalic acid and water for cleaning a straw hat. Sometimes this solution gets on the hat band, sadly discoloring it. The damage may be overcome by wiping off the band with ammonia water. An application or two of this liquid will restore the color.

A TRIO OF PRETTY YOUTHFUL FASHIONS.



Starting on the left, the frock worn by the small girl is deep buff cashmere, with guimpe of brown-striped buff chiffon cloth. As shown, the frock is cut on the Russian lines and belted with a white patent leather belt.

The larger girl in the center is gowned in an up-to-date dress of pale blue silk muslin, made with a pretty and graceful tunic front skirt and low cut round neck—the latter finished with German Val, put on in effective design. The deep girdle is white satin.

The tiny tot on the right is simply garbed in a pretty babyish frock, of pink and white plaid silk, with a deep yoke collar of white batiste, edged with wide lace insertion.

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San Francisco Begins Its Final Battle for Exposition

San Francisco.—The Panama-Pacific Exposition Company has begun its final and decisive campaign to bring to San Francisco the 1915 fair. Pamphlets, San Francisco postcards and all sorts of literature setting forth the advantages of this city and State are being rushed off the presses to be scattered broadcast over the country.

First, every person in the United States will have brought to his attention, through the Exposition literature, the fact that San Francisco is in the race to win; that it has the money, the natural advantages, the people and the disposition to conduct the most successful exposition ever held in America.

Through this campaign of publicity, which will extend personally to every Senator and Congressman in the country, will be inculcated a thorough knowledge of San Francisco's earnestness and integrity. The whole world will know of it and naturally when Senators and Congressmen gather at Washington next December to decide the exposition problem among their other matters of national importance, the city by the Golden Gate will be selected.

Congressmen cannot withstand the influence of popular opinion. San Francisco many years ago won the affections of the world and has retained

them. By arousing the people to its support it is the belief of the publicity committee this city cannot fail.

For the present, every person in San Francisco or in the State is urged to begin sending postcards advertising this city to every friend east of the Rockies. The exposition committee expects soon to have characteristic postcards printed and these will be sent over the world.

Plans are also being considered to set apart a certain week during the summer as "postcard week," during which tons of this advertising matter will be sent from California.

Exposition stickers will soon be furnished to be placed upon envelopes and letter paper. These are to be attached to every personal or business letter that goes out of San Francisco until the exposition site is determined by Congress and even then they will continue in use until the exposition is actually over and a thing of the past. The method decided upon to bring into the treasury the remaining funds necessary to make the total of \$7,500,000 demanded by Congress has not yet been made public, but it is understood that the campaign for money will be a whirlwind one and will cover the State. But little difficulty is expected in gathering in the money needed once the campaign begins.

State Farm School Welcomes Ambitious Youths

Davis.—During the past year 52 students attended the University Farm School at Davis. This school first opened in January, 1909; and such a number of students indicates that the value of the training given there is winning recognition. During the next year, which opens September 12th, a large increase in numbers is already assured.

The Farm School is open free of charge to California boys 15 years of age, who have completed a grammar school course. The instruction given forms a scientific training for the successful conduct of a California farm. Animal industry, horticulture, viticulture, dairying, poultry raising, irrigation and general farming all receive attention. Practical shop work in wood and iron for farm purposes also forms part of the course; and students are made familiar with the principles of modern farm machinery, including gas engines and motors.

In addition to the agricultural subjects, upon which most of the time is spent, courses in chemistry, English, mathematics and history are given, so that the boys who attend the school may become intelligent citizens as well as successful farmers, and may be able to understand the progress of the world in other lines than those in which they are financially interested.

Living expenses are moderate, and careful provision has been made for the health and comfort of the students. A dormitory and dining hall on the farm afford good board and comfortable rooms. These important matters are under the supervision of a resident matron.

The Farm School is directed, as the name indicates, by the College of Agriculture of the State University. A circular of information has been printed and will be sent to any one on application to A. M. Cleghorn, principal of the school, at Davis.

Alberta Not the Promised Land For American Farmers

Washington.—The emigration of home seekers to Canada, which has been the subject of great concern to the administrators of the public domain, has turned, in the opinion of officials of the reclamation service, thousands have returned, and a great many more are expected back soon.

Clarence J. Blanchard, statistician of the reclamation service, who is in the field inspecting irrigation projects, reports that he has interviewed many settlers in Montana, who had tried the Canadian experiment, but were glad to return home. They said that practically every American farmer near Alberta, where the Canadian Government maintains an irrigation project,

was anxious to get back if he could sell his holdings in the Dominion.

The American settlers were dissatisfied with the character of the land, the crops from which, they allege, consisted principally of alfalfa and such hardy grains as winter wheat, and even these were not sure. The form of government did not appeal to them, and they considered railroad rates exorbitant. The climate was a source of dissatisfaction, ice and snow in August and September of last year adding to their discomfort. During the last nine months, it was said at the reclamation office today, 15,000 settlers have returned to the States from Canada.

Uses Electricity to Influence Sex of His Chickens

Stockton.—It has fallen to the lot of a Stockton poultry breeder to adopt the most unique plan of influencing the sex of hatching chicks, and though the result has not yet been determined, the experiment is being watched with great interest by the other poultry men of this city and vicinity. The principle on which his experiments are based is the theory that the chicks produced will have a tendency to have the likeness in sex and markings of the more vital parent.

The Stockton breeder has taken electricity as the greatest vitalizing

agent. For his tests he has a pen of well-bred chickens. The roosts in the coop have been made of steel, with which electric batteries are connected. The roosters are removed from these coops each night and the hens receive a constant current of electricity.

The local breeder thinks that by this means a greater vitality will be imparted to the hens and that the chickens hatched from their eggs will be of their likeness. Should his experiments prove successful a result will have been accomplished which has been sought for many years.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Aspirants for political favors will do well to remember the Record in having their announcements published, as this paper is extensively circulated in a very thickly populated portion of San Mateo County and is practically read by everybody from the San Francisco line to the cemeteries. The Record is absolutely INDEPENDENT and therefore in a position to give one and all a SQUARE DEAL, and that is all you will get.

ELLIS C. JOHNSON

For
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

Candidate for the Republican nomination at the August Primary

JOS. J. BULLOCK

(Incumbent)
For
DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Candidate for the Republican nomination at the August Primary

C. D. HAYWARD

(Incumbent)
FOR
ASSESSOR

Candidate for the Republican nomination at the August Primary

P. P. CHAMBERLAIN

(Incumbent)
FOR
COUNTY TREASURER

Candidate for the Republican nomination at the August Primary

H. O. HEINER

FOR
COUNTY RECORDER

Candidate for the Republican nomination at the August Primary

DR. H. G. PLYMIRE

(Incumbent)
FOR
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR

Candidate for the Republican nomination at the August Primary

AMBROSE McSWEENEY

FOR
COUNTY TAX COLLECTOR

Candidate for the Republican nomination at the August Primary

THOMAS L. HICKEY

ASSEMBLYMAN

Candidate for the Republican nomination at the August Primary

JAMES V. NEUMAN

(Incumbent)
SURVEYOR

Candidate for the Republican nomination at the August Primary

JOSEPH H. NASH

(Incumbent)
COUNTY CLERK

Candidate for the Republican nomination at the August Primary

WM. H. ALMON

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

Candidate for the Democratic nomination at the August Primary

HARRY EDWARDS

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

Candidate for the Republican nomination at the August Primary

ROBERL CARROLL

(Incumbent)
CONSTABLE

Candidate for the Republican nomination at the August Primary

JAMES H. PARKER

CONSTABLE

Candidate for the Republican nomination at the August Primary

E. DANERI

CONSTABLE

Candidate for the Republican nomination at the August Primary

FELDON W. WAGGONER

SURVEYOR

Candidate for the Republican nomination at the August Primary

ROBERT CHATHAM

(Incumbent)
SHERIFF

Candidate for the Republican nomination at the August Primary

W. H. UNDERHILL



For
Re-election to
the office
of
AUDITOR

Subject to the
Republican Primary,
Tuesday,
August 16, 1910.

HENRY WARD BROWN

ASSEMBLYMAN

Candidate for the Republican nomination at the August Primary

JAS. E. FITZGERALD

RECORDER

Candidate for the Republican nomination at the August Primary

KENNETH M. GREEN

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Candidate for the Republican nomination at the August Primary

P. H. McEVOY

SHERIFF

Candidate for the Democratic nomination at the August Primary

ROY W. CLOUD

(Incumbent)
County School Superintendent

Candidate for the Republican nomination at the August Primary

H. D. LOVELAND

(Incumbent)
Railroad Commissioner

Candidate for the Republican nomination at the August Primary

GEORGE W. SAVAGE

Constable First Township

Subject to the Republican Primary on the 16th day of August, 1910.

CHAS. W. DAVISON

(Mayor of San Jose)
Republican Candidate for Congress
FIFTH DISTRICT
(Against E. A. Hayes)

Primary Election, Tuesday, Aug. 16.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the matter of the Estate of Severin Steffen, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator with the Will and Codicil annexed, of the estate of said deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at the office of E. P. Fitzpatrick, No. 10 Broadway, Redwood City, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the said County of San Mateo, State of California.

MARTIN Z. OBERHAUS,
Administrator with the Will and Codicil annexed of the estate of Severin Steffen, deceased.
Dated, Redwood City, Cal., June 11, 1910.
EDW. P. FITZPATRICK,
Attorney for said Estate.
July 15

DR. F. BUSH, DENTIST

Knowles Building
HILLCREST

Hours 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sundays 9:30 to 1 p.m.

Special appointments for evening work

No Pauper to Lie Unmarked.

Yreka.—No pauper will lie in an unmarked grave in Siskiyou county hereafter. The supervisors ordered that the grave of each person buried at the expense of the county be marked with a marble stone 18 inches high, six inches wide and one inch thick and suitably inscribed. The stones will be supplied at a cost of \$1.95 each in Yreka and at \$2.45 outside of the city.

Motorcycle Racer Killed.

Long Beach.—A. B. Chubbie, a motorcycle racer, was fatally injured while "tuning up" his machine. He was speeding at 50 miles an hour on the Strand when the mud guard of the machine caught in the spokes of the front wheel and hurled the rider over the handle bars. Chubbie's skull was fractured across the forehead.

Death Claims Judge Garrouette.

Berkeley.—Charles Henry Garrouette, former Justice of the Supreme Court of California, died Sunday morning at his residence here. He has been in ill health for several months. Garrouette was 56 years old. He was born in Yolo county. Despite adverse circumstances he rose from humble surroundings to the highest tribunal of the State.

A. L. STOCKTON

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END OF THE FIVE-CENT CAR LIMIT

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ONLY U. S. GOV'T. INSPECTED MEATS

JIM CASEY

WE CATER TO THE COMFORT OF THE TRAVELING PUBLIC

COLMA HOTEL

J. BEICHEL, Proprietor

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San Mateo and Cemetery Cars Stop at Hotel COLMA, SAN MATEO CO., CAL.

PHONE MISSION 4599

BILLY RAVEN, Prop

THE RAVEN

KNOWLES' HALL

HILLCREST

TAKE OCEAN VIEW, CEMETERIES OR SAN MATEO CARS

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AND

General Jobbing Blacksmiths
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SAN MATEO COUNTY DIRECTORY.

Judge Superior Court.....G. H. Buck
Treasurer.....P. P. Chamberlain
Tax Collector.....C. L. McCracken
District Attorney.....J. J. Bullock
Assessor.....C. D. Hayward
County Clerk.....Joseph H. Nash
County Recorder.....John F. Johnston
Sheriff.....Robert Chatham
Auditor.....Henry Underhill
Superintendent of Schools.....Roy Cloud
Coroner and Public Administrator.....Dr. H. G. Plymire
Surveyor.....James B. Neuman
Health Officer.....W. G. Beattie, M. D.
Officials—First Township
Supervisor.....James T. Casey
Justice of the Peace.....A. McSweeney
Constable.....Bob Carroll
Postmaster.....B. S. Greene

W. J. SWEENEY

Horseshoeing and General
Blacksmithing

Prices reasonable. All work guaranteed.
Horses sent for and delivered.

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Aft- Midnight.